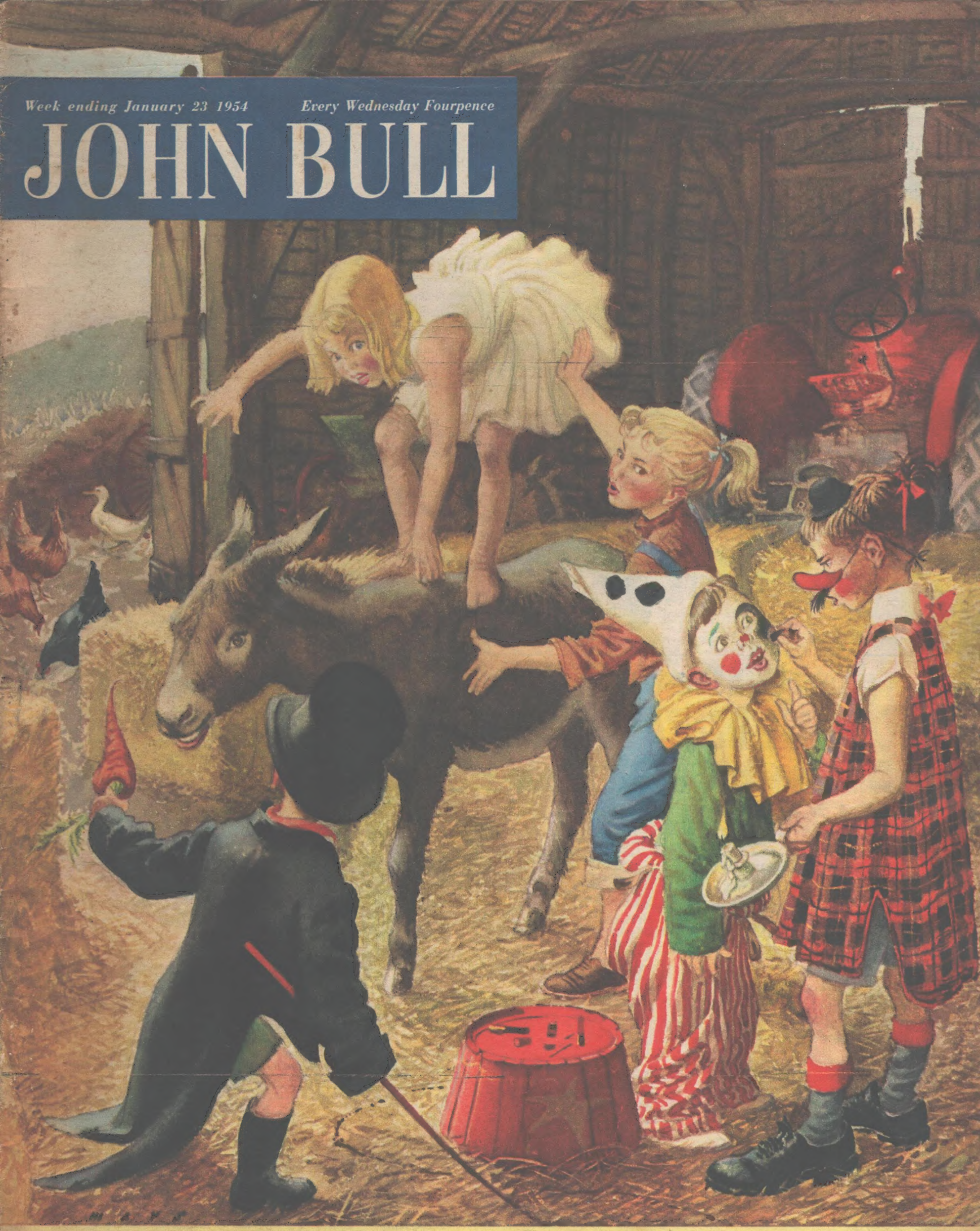
Week ending January 23 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL



The Golden Fool: DAVID DIVINE'S VIVID NOVEL OF LOVE AND HATRED

Next Time I'll Bring My Knitting!
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO LEFT-ALONE IN MY LIFE! HAVE I GOT TWO LEFT FEET-OR WHAT?
NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR FOOTWORK... BUT YOU DO NEED SOME COACHING FROM YOUR DENTIST ON-ON BAD BREATH, PEGGY!
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE BAD BREATH! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES THAT ORIGINATE IN THE MOUTH
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH COLGATE'S REMOVES UP TO 85% OF DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA! AND IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PREVENT TOOTH DECAY, BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH DIRECTLY AFTER EATING
I'VE BEEN LIVING IN A WHIRL SINCE I BECAME A COLGATE GIRL!

Now! ONE Brushing With COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Removes Up To 85% Of Odour-And Decay-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!

10½d. 1/7, 2/5 and 3/4

GIVES YOU A SWEETER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

"But surely you don't just ask for TOILET TISSUE?"
Surprising as it may be, many women still ask for a toilet roll without specifying the name. It is far wiser and more economical to choose a named roll having a stated number of sheets of the most suitable paper.
Always ask for
Obtainable from all good chemists, Stores, Grocers, Ironmongers and Stationers.
British No3 Pure Tissue

BRITISH Nº3

420 full size sheets of superior white paper for 11½D

He had plenty of Hair 4 years ago—

BUT HE IGNORED WARNING SIGNS

One day you may be in this position—and probably will—unless you are prepared to be intelligent about the care of your hair. Loss of hair seems to come so quickly; but it rarely occurs without warning signs, and up-to-date knowledge of hair growth makes hair health a matter of plain common sense.

The photograph on the left was taken in March 1949. Less than 4 years later, deterioration in hair-health had reached the stage shown in the photograph above.

Hair is made up from as many as eighteen different substances, called amino-acids. If even one of these amino-acids is missing, your hair will not grow correctly—may not grow at all — for lack of proper nourishment.

The simplest way to make up for any shortage is to massage Silvikrin into the scalp. For *Pure Silvikrin* contains *all* the 18 amino-acids vital for the formation of healthy hair.

Silvikrin, which is a unique bio-chemical treatment, aims at a *fundamental* improvement in your hair health.

For severe cases of dandruff, greasy scalp and thinning hair, you must use Pure Silvikrin (11/3 for a month's supply). For less severe cases use Silvikrin Hair Tonic and for dry heads Silvikrin Hair Dressing (a lotion with oil). Both 2/6 and 4/4½.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

SP-29

Why MOTHERS feel TIRED

The cause may be IRON-VITAMIN deficiency—

Because so many extra demands are made on their blood supply, women—especially *mothers*—suffer more than men from lack of IRON. Unfortunately the Iron obtainable from the average diet may not be enough to make up for all the Iron lost periodically as well as during pregnancy and in many other ways. The result is that you feel tired, nervy, breathless, run down and generally out of condition.

IRON ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

To restore your full health and vigour you *must* put the essential iron back in your blood. But your run-down system needs other help, too. That is why Dr. Cassells Tablets also contain such important ingredients as Copper Sulphate (to enable your body to absorb the iron), Calcium Phosphate (a valuable source of calcium and phosphorus), together with Vitamin B_1 (the energy vitamin) and Caffeine which have a tonic effect on the nervous system. If you are experiencing any of the symptoms listed below Dr. Cassells Tablets will enrich your blood with iron, tone up your whole system, and give you back—as it has done for thousands of others—the healthy energy that makes life worth while.

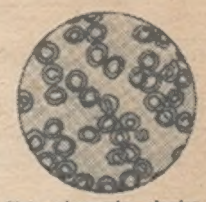


Photo-micrographs showing (above) normal blood cells, and (below) pale, hypochromic cells from a case of iron-deficiency anaemia. Reproduced from HEMATOLOGY by Prof. Willis M. Fowler, M.D., Department of Internal Medicine, University of Iowa. Published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.

REMARKABLE PROOF **Healthy blood contains between 4,500,000 and 6,300,000 red cells in every cubic millimetre. In a case where the red blood count was down to 3,800,000 *a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets increased the number to 5,300,000 in 32 days.* It is these red blood cells, remember, which contain the vital IRON your system must have to keep you well.**

TAKE **Dr. CASSELLS** TABLETS NOW

for Simple Anæmia · Listlessness · Nervousness · General Debility
Poor Appetite · Frequent Headaches · Constant Fatigue · Irritability
Sleeplessness · Inability to Concentrate · Susceptibility to Infection and
Slow Powers of Recovery.

Prices 1/7 & 3/10

EDITORIAL

The home farm

At least nine out of every ten people would rather live in houses than flats. When the Women's Advisory Housing Council took a poll, ninety-four per cent preferred a house. But houses with gardens use more space than flats.

Can Britain afford that space, when she needs to grow every possible pound of food to avoid spending money on unnecessary imports?

"Yes," says Mr. F. J. Osborn, chairman of the Town and Country Planning Association. "If everybody had a house with a garden we should not lose more than one per cent of our remaining agricultural land—and the value of our food production would not drop at all. Gardens would grow more in value than the farmland on which the homes were built."

MR. F. J. OSBORN
"Gardens will grow more"

Sir James Turner, president of the National Farmers' Union, does not agree: "The land we are losing yearly costs the nation *per minute* five gallons of milk, a pound of beef, eighteen three and a half pound loaves, twelve and a half pounds of bacon and seventy eggs.

"As long as we allow suburbia to gobble up food-producing fields while leaving unused or under-used areas in the cities to rot, we lay ourselves wide open to the charge of exporting our problems to posterity."

So important has this controversy become that the government has enlisted the help of five county boroughs—Bristol, Doncaster, York, Southampton, Hull—to make a survey of how much food is grown in gardens.

Between 1927 and 1937, nearly 1,234,000 acres of farmland were lost to building. Over the next twenty years another 750,000 acres are expected to go—equal to the whole of Berkshire and Bedfordshire.

This sounds like a calamitous loss to our food supplies. But a previous inquiry suggested that while an acre of farmland averaged £44-worth of produce a year, the gardens attached to the twelve houses filling an acre of land grew food worth £67 10s.

The new inquiry may well find that large gardens yield proportionately more food than small ones, because there is not much room in a small garden for both flowers and food, and everyone likes a few flowers. If this is so, then it might be better to give even more land to housing.

At the moment, five out of six new homes are houses. If the new survey shows that individual gardeners can play a substantial part in making Britain self-feeding, the proportion should be promptly increased to the nine out of ten for which the public has asked.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Last autumn, for the first time in forty years, a circus visited Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, where Bertram Mills, founder of one of the world's largest circuses, is buried, and where artist Douglas L. Mays went to live last year. This week's cover, he says, is "the morning after the night before—children's version." What will happen when the nearest cinema—three miles away at Amersham—presents Tarzan or Robin Hood, he dreads to think.

For the critical occasion . . .

Make friends with Martell BRANDY

the recognised restorative

THREE STAR • CORDON BLEU

How I love it-every day!

Kit-E-Kat is chock-full of the fish and liver that cats love — plus extra vitamins and minerals for perfect health.

Feed your cat this easy way!

It's absolutely ready to serve. Only 9d. a tin—and there's enough for several meals!

KIT-E-KAT the complete and nourishing cat food

I'm surprised to know you make Toilet Preparations, Polish and so many kinds of Brushes and Mops

Indeed we do, and have you seen our Personal Brushes, as well as those for household use?

THE Kleen-e-ze The Name with a meaning Regd.
BRUSH CO. LTD., HANHAM, BRISTOL.

FIRE!
ANYTHING SO FAST AS
NU-SWIFT?
Large fires generally start as small ones. Speed is vital. Fire engines sometimes carry Nu-Swift but why waste precious minutes?
Rapid and reliable Nu-Swift should be on the spot—always!
NU-SWIFT LTD · ELLAND · YORKS
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

Your after shave perfection

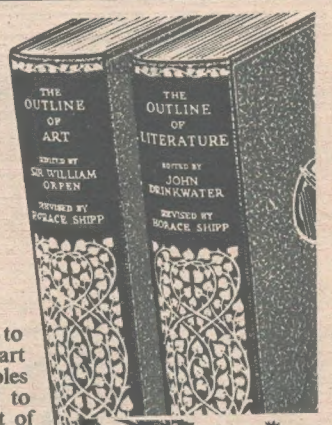
Present a vigorous complexion to a world that judges on face values. Use Imperial Leather After Shave Lotion and enjoy feeling clean shaved as you have never enjoyed it before.

Imperial Leather toilet luxuries also include Shaving Sticks, After Shave Talc, solid and liquid Brilliantines and the famous toilet soap

Cussons
IMPERIAL LEATHER
Toilet Luxuries
FROM ALL GOOD SHOPS

Yours for 7 days
Free Examination

The Outline of
Literature and Art



This fascinating work is produced for all who desire to take an intelligent interest in the great literature and art masterpieces of the world and their creators. It enables you to appreciate the best work of the past and to understand the often controversial literature and art of today. An education in itself—and a sheer joy to read.

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ART PLATES include *The Last Supper* and *Mona Lisa* (da Vinci), *The Laughing Cavalier* (Frans Hals), and masterpieces by Titian, Gainsborough, Turner, Renoir, Degas, Holbein, Michael Angelo, Constable, etc.

NOTHING TO PAY—*and No obligation to purchase*

LITERATURE *A wood engraving by Claire Leighton (From Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree.")*

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OLA 59

ART "*Ballet Girl and Dressmaker*" —*Dame Laura Knight.*

FREE SPEECH

A menace who won't stop driving

LAST week I saw my wife leap to safety as my neighbour raced his car into his drive. At eighty-one, despite deafness, arthritis, short-sight and a tendency to heart-trouble, he is still an enthusiastic motorist.

I had often wondered how his conscience permitted him to fill in the medical sections of his driving licence applications, but I had never had the heart to suggest to him that the time had come to give up motoring. I knew that without his car he would be quite unable to get about. The near-accident convinced me that it was time to speak out. I went straight round and told him that his driving was dangerous. Of course, he misunderstood me—he thinks he is an excellent driver. "Don't you worry about me," he said. "Those road hogs won't do me any harm. Forty years at the wheel, and never an accident." He quite failed to realize that the credit for his clean record belonged to the people who had taken skilful evading action.—M. F. A., Northamptonshire.

Marry Or Burn

THE reference to the custom of making a disturbance outside the house of a couple known to be living in sin ("Free Speech," January 2) reminded me of a similar custom observed in Carmarthenshire a hundred years ago. Armed with cudgels, pots and pans, and farm implements, the villagers would make their way to the house of any immoral man or woman. They would carry with them a hurdle covered with straw, on which there was an effigy of the person, or trousers or a petticoat as a symbol. This effigy would be pelted with eggs and then publicly burned. Wife-beating and even nagging were also dealt with in this way. — K. ETHERIDGE, Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Carmarthen.

Turban To Fez

TOMMY COOPER (JOHN BULL, January 2) was in show business before he left school. I can remember my son coming in and asking for a penny to go to Tommy Cooper's show. Once Tommy went to the house of a friend of mine disguised as an Indian pedlar—with a turban. "Nice silk scarf, nice stockings," he said, waving his hands. After he had gone, my friend went to see if her gate was closed. There was a noise behind the hedge; she looked, and saw Tommy and another boy roaring with laughter. "She fell for it all right," she heard him say.—MRS. W. STOVER, Fawley, Hampshire.

That happened when we were living at Langley, in Hampshire, recalls Tommy Cooper. My friend and I called at my family bungalow dressed in the same disguise. There were some workmen there at the time, but they did not recognize me. "Sorry, there's no one at home," one of them said.

Travelling Clock

IN the middle of a traveller's description of his brushes and polishes, I heard an alarm clock bell ringing. I looked in the traveller's case — there was no clock there. "Didn't I hear an alarm?" I asked. "You did," said the man. He drew a bright yellow alarm clock from his coat pocket. "My wife's in bed with 'flu," he explained. "I've got to fetch the boy from school at midday. It's time now." — MRS. EVELYN I. JONES, Sheldon, Birmingham, 26.

The Evidence

WHEN I visited Babbacombe, on the Devon coast, I noticed small hand-brushes on the back seats of some of the taxis. A driver told me that the brushes had been provided so that newly married couples could remove confetti from their clothes on the way from the station.—JOHN WORSFOLD, Barkly Grove, Beeston, Leeds, 11.

He Popped Off

SOME interesting objects have been found in the timber hauled into the yard where I started work recently. They have included several bees' nests, some large pieces of shrapnel, dozens of rifle bullets, a live tracer bullet, and a shrunken cricket ball the size of a golf ball. Strangest of all was a live weasel. He escaped—minus his tail—when the hollow tree in which he was hiding was put through a large bandsaw.—D. E. F. FROST, Hemsby, Norfolk.

Goats' Own Country

THE goat is a very respected character in Central Western Queensland, Australia, as it is the chief supplier of milk for the children. During a tour of the region, I found that the goats

COMING SOON IN JOHN BULL

RAMPS DOWN!

by Murdoch McDougall

HERE IS the story of the toughest job ever undertaken by the world's toughest men . . . the story of the D-Day assault by Britain's Commandos, told by one of their leaders. *Further details will appear next week.*

have very regular habits. When they are let out in the morning they stream off by themselves to their grazing. In the late afternoon, there is a cloud of dust in the distance. It is the goats returning to town, following the "stinker" (billy-goat), who is their acknowledged leader.—A. M. COLLINS, Raleigh Gardens, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

"Most councils have regulations limiting the number of goats each household can keep," says a Western Queenslander. "I remember when the council at my home town, Barcaldine, wanted to reduce the goat allowance from twelve to six. We put up a candidate for a vacant seat with 'No interference with goats' as his policy. He romped home."

Man Forgiven

I WAS rather annoyed the other day when the conductor of a bus I was trying to catch rang the bell and left me on the pavement. I decided to walk, and caught up the bus in a busy part of the town. I thought there had been an accident and watched in suspense. The conductor was underneath, pulling something from behind a wheel. When he brought it out I saw that it was a pigeon—unhurt. The conductor handed it to the driver, who patted it, and set it on a wall. The men's kindness made me forget my annoyance completely. — MISS MOLLIE LYNN-FOWLER, Lower Park Road, Hastings, Sussex.

Money Trouble

I WANTED to make a phone call in London today, but I found, as usual, that I had not got three pennies in my handbag. Knowing how shop staffs react to appeals for change for a phone call, I decided to buy a small article to break down my silver. But luck was against me. To get the coins I needed, I had to buy peppermints, wine gums, and a magazine. I am sure that a simple change-giving machine could be devised, and set up in busy places.—A. J. ATTWOOD, Watford, Hertfordshire.

Visual Aid

OUR village grocer in Malta could not read or write, but she kept her accounts very carefully. Many of her customers used to take groceries on credit during the week, and pay for them at the weekend. Each of them

had a page in her ledger, headed by a symbol instead of a name. My symbol was a crude Union Jack to indicate "the Englishwoman," another woman was represented by spectacles, my neighbour by a huge moustache, and the policeman's wife by a vertical row of buttons.—MRS. R. FOSTER, Sullivan Road, Sholing, Hampshire.

Name Claim

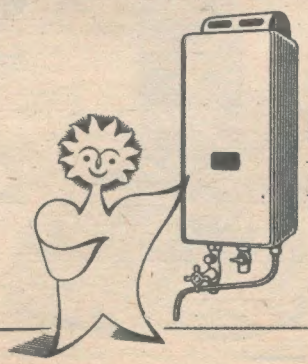
WE have nicknames in Cornwall as colourful as those used in the mining valleys of Wales ("Free Speech," January 2). I have heard of Tommy Twenty-minutes, a lay preacher who always timed his sermons precisely, Stan Scissors, who when bullied at school used to threaten the wrath of his big "scissors" (sisters), Streamlined Liz, and many other people with nicknames, not all of them quotable. —R. C. P., Cornwall.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Does the clock rule your life?

DOES IT TICK AWAY your working day, tick away your leisure, your energy, your health, your happiness—as you wash and scrub, cook and clean? Think how much easier life would be with *plenty* of hot water, *cheap* hot water, *instantaneous* hot water. And that's just the essential service that Mr. Therm brings you with his Sink Water-Heater. Hot water *when* you want it, day and night; *where* you want it, at the kitchen sink; *how* you want it—at the turn of a tap!

150 gallons of hot water per week is the minimum requirement for a family of four. That quantity can be provided by Mr. Therm's Sink Water-Heater at a cost everybody can afford. Whether or not you have any other source of hot water in the home, you still need a sink water-heater.



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give hot or boiling water **INSTANTANEOUSLY**

For demonstration and details of easy terms, call at your gas showroom

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Golden Shred
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The World's Best Marmalades

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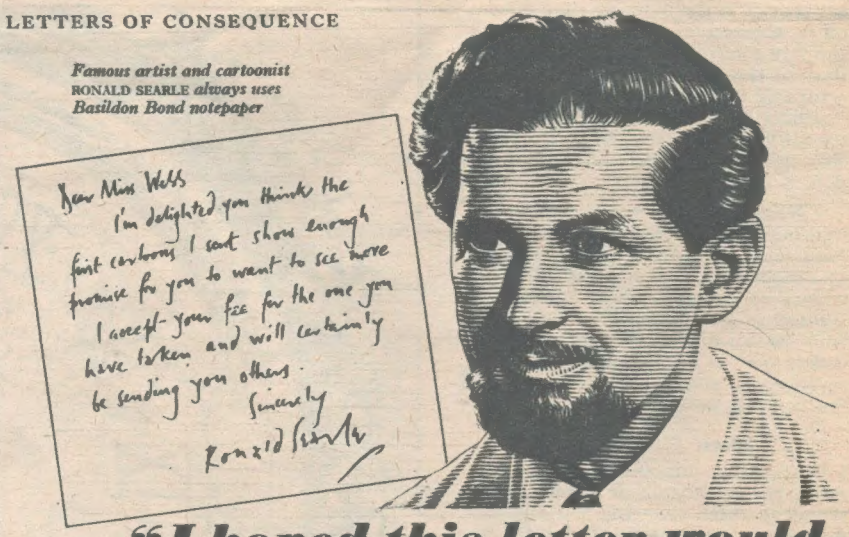
LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

Famous artist and cartoonist RONALD SEARLE *always uses Basildon Bond notepaper*


Dear Miss Webb
I'm delighted you think the first cartoons I sent show enough promise for you to want to see more
I accept your fee for the one you have taken and will certainly be sending you others.
Sincerely
Ronald Searle

"I hoped this letter would make my fortune," says RONALD SEARLE

IN 1941, a certain Sapper Searle of the Royal Engineers sent one of his cartoons to yet another magazine.

"When my offering was accepted I was delighted," says Ronald Searle, famous cartoonist, pictured above. "Five guineas arrived, and a note of encouragement from the Assistant Editor, Miss Webb. I wrote again, promising more cartoons.

"I hoped this letter would make my fortune—and it certainly helped. It marked my 'graduation' from provincial press to national magazines.

"There was an even happier sequel to this story. Miss Webb is now Mrs. Searle!"

A success story might result from any of your letters. Better make sure that each one you write conveys an attractive impression of your personality, so always use Basildon Bond, a really distinguished notepaper.

"I'm particularly pleased with the fine surface of Basildon Bond," says Ronald Searle. "It makes writing a pleasure, whatever kind of pen you use."

Buy a Basildon Bond pad today. Prices from 1/0½; envelopes to match from 7½d.

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CHOSEN BY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

A John Dickinson Product

If you're living on your nerves

then read this letter

"I feel I must write and tell you that Phosferine has *done more for my wife than any other tonic.* My wife suffers from neurasthenia . . . She feels 100% *better* and wouldn't be without a bottle in the house . . . I would certainly recommend it to anyone . . ."

(Signed) D.A.B., London.

How PHOSFERINE restores nervous energy

If you are living on your nerves you are bound to be feeling the strain. Sleeping badly, not eating and no doubt feeling miserably depressed. But with the first dose or two of Phosferine the appetite improves. This leads to a strengthening of the nervous system, evident in better nights and a calmer, happier outlook. After this it is simply a question of time building up the *extra* vitality you need. Get a supply of Phosferine now.

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PROMOTES GOOD HEALTH

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Available in Liquid or Tablet Form. 10 drops equal 2 tablets.

*There's real * GINGER in it!*

* Yes, Stone's Ginger Wine is made from real Jamaican ginger—made to the same formula originated in 1740.

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ORIGINAL

GINGER WINE

Enjoy also Stone's Orange Wine and Stone's Rich Raisin Wine. 7/6 per bottle

Leaning back, she trailed a hand in the water. Then came the bombshell. "I've been offered a job in Melbourne," she said. "I think I'll take it"

Come live with me

by ***JON CLEARY***

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

I had a one-room flat; I was penniless: I was five feet five. And I loved Kate. What a flaming hope!

IT WAS ONE OF those parties where you're not sure who invited you and even if you should be there. I was having a drink with two fellows at the Journalists' Club, and next thing I'm out at this party at Elizabeth Bay. People were milling around, swapping empty glasses for full ones and old yarns for new ones, and I was wondering if I shouldn't have gone home to bed and the caustic remarks of Mabel. Then I saw this girl.

"I'm Matt O'Reilly," I said, when I had managed to battle my way through the crowd towards her.

She looked unimpressed. "Really?"

I tried again. "I'd lost interest in the party. I was just about to go home."

"Good night, Mr. O'Reilly," she said. Then all at once she relaxed and smiled, and it was like turning your face to the sun. "All right, I'm Katharine Jackson. But why pick on me?"

Like most Australian men, I'm tongue-tied when it comes to romantic small talk. We can praise a beer or the good points of a racehorse; but a woman usually leaves us mute.

Just then a tall, smooth piece of work in a

smooth piece of tailoring appeared beside us. "Having a good time, Kate?"

"Fine, Ernest. Have you met Matt O'Reilly?"

He looked down at me. "Greetings, Shorty."

I know I look as if I grew up under a table. I weigh twelve stone and all of it is muscle—well, nearly all—but my topmost black curl is still only five feet five inches from the floor. Even so, I don't like people reminding me of it. Especially long, elegant characters.

"Would you like a punch in the belt?" I said.

"Who asked you to the party?" he said.

"The host," I said. "The fellow who owns the flat. Who wants to know?"

He looked down his nose at me. "The fellow who owns the flat."

Miss Jackson said: "Mr. O'Reilly, meet our host, Ernest Grierson."

I rallied as best as I could. "Is it any use saying I'm pleased to meet you?"

He put out a hand. "Forget it. I don't hold grudges." But I knew he was a liar. He was acting Big-hearted Ernie for the benefit of Miss Jackson. He smiled down at her. "Look after your friend, Kate. You always have such peculiar friends." Then he melted away like a long streak of oil.

I looked at Miss Jackson. "Allow me to congratulate you on the friends you have."

"Meaning you or Ernest?" Then she looked at me, the first good look she had given me. "O'Reilly, I like you, for some reason or other."

"I like you, too," I said.

"That's settled, then," said someone. "When are they going to read the banns?"

It was a blonde girl this time, a contrast to Miss Jackson's darkness, and almost as good-looking. Almost, but not quite. She was backed up by another tall man, but a hefty cove this time, not the dress-designer type like Grierson.

Miss Jackson said: "O'Reilly, this is Jo Dennett and Ham Roberts."

"Hallo," Jo Dennett said. "Are you a pal of Kate's or Grierson's?"

"I'm no pal of Grierson's," I said.

Jo shook my hand. "Any enemy of Grierson's is a friend of mine. Here, meet Ham. Ham's a psychologist. He's hoping to marry me, and that we'll have a problem child. Then he can practise his theories at home instead of having to go to the office."

"Speaking of home," said Ham, "I'm going. Coming?"

Jo nodded. "Are you coming, Kate?"

"I think so. I've had enough of the party. Good night, Matt O'Reilly. It's been nice meeting you."

And that looked like being the end of our friendship. But Jo saved me. "Where do you live, Matt?" she said.

"Manly."

"That's on our way. We live at Seaforth. Come and have coffee with us at the flat, then Ham can drive you home."

I looked at Kate. "Do you mind?"

She hesitated for a moment, then she smiled and put her arm in mine. "I'm looking forward to your life story, Matt."

We had just reached the front door when Grierson loomed up, smiling his oiliest smile. "Where to, Kate?"

"Home, Ernest," she said, and I felt a little smug that she kept her arm in mine.

"Don't go yet," Grierson said, and put a well-manicured hand on her free arm. "I'll take you home later."

"You can't run out on your guests, Ernie, old boy," said Jo. "Invite us again some time. We'll come."

Grierson went to say something to Jo, changed his mind, and looked down at me. "You'll forgive me if I don't invite you again, Shorty."

I almost left the floor again in an effort to reach his chin, but I felt Kate's arm holding me down. I looked at her, but I couldn't tell whether she was concerned for Grierson or for me. Or perhaps she just didn't like fighting. . . .

Ham had an old roadster, a relic of the days when cars were built to resemble cars and not lethal weapons. Kate and I sat in the back, among the flapping curtains and the patched upholstery. The breeze blew her hair about, wreathing it about her face, and the stars were bright in her eyes. She had the look of wild dark angels riding down a midnight sky; but I didn't have the tongue to tell her so. All I said was: "I'd like to paint you some time."

"Are you an artist?"

"Sort of."

"I'm awfully sorry, Matt, but I've never heard of you. Should I have?"

"I do a lot of commercial stuff. I haven't yet exhibited my other work."

"I'd like to see it some time," she said, and then she must have noticed my doubting look. "I really would."

But my doubting look had nothing to do with her. I was wondering about taking her home, to Mabel and all the rest of them. I was used to them, and I'd taken other girls home to meet them. But a girl like Kate—well, I didn't know.

The girls' flat looked out over the harbour. We sat on the veranda and drank coffee and watched the ferries go over the moonlit water, their reflections moving with them and the sound of their sirens shooting to the moon. We talked about ourselves, and the circle warmed, and soon I felt they were old friends. Kate and Jo were in radio; Kate was a programme arranger and Jo a producer on children's programmes.

"That's where I've heard that treacly voice!" I said.

"Are you talking about me?" Jo said.

"No, about Grierson. He's the 'Swing For Lonely Hearts' man. The disc jockey with the advice for the lovelorn."

"Have you listened to him much?" Kate said.

"No. But I've switched him off a lot."

"Good for you," said Jo. "It's a pity the control engineer doesn't do the same."

"You have a complex about him," said Kate.

"If I have, it's one complex I don't want Ham to straighten out," said Jo. "I enjoy it."

We talked and talked till the earth spun towards the sun again. Jo walked down to the car with Ham. Kate leaned against the front door, the light shining through her hair. She put her hand in mine. "When am I going to see the paintings, Matt?"

I thought about home sweet home and the bedlam and smell that went with it. And especially about Mabel. "Would you really like to come? I'm warning you, it's not very palatial. It's not even modestly comfortable." I thought a while. "You might even say it's terrible."

"I'll risk it," she said.

We made a date for the following night. She was standing on the step above me, so I had to stand on my toes if I wanted to kiss her. I stood on my toes.

She put her fingers against my lips. "No, Matt. That doesn't come with the coffee."

"Is it reserved, or shouldn't I ask?"

She smiled, the enigmatic smile that women have and that is cause for justifiable homicide. "You shouldn't ask."

I went down to Ham's car.

The next night, Kate and I had dinner in town, then went down to Circular Quay and caught a ferry over to Manly. We walked along the Corso, turned up a side street and came to home. Kate looked up at the sign on the window.

"A pet shop! Matt, you don't keep pets, do you?"

I had the key in the lock; there was still time to turn back. "No, I just rent the room above. Do you really want to come in?"

She nodded. I shrugged and opened the door, and Mabel started. "Who the —— is that? Where'd the —— come from? Shoot the ——!"

"Mabel!" I yelled. "Just shut up! There's

Grierson loomed up to us, smiling his oiliest

a lady here." Mabel told me what I could do.

"Who's that?" said Kate.

I switched on the shop light and exposed Mabel.

"A sailor's parrot. The shopowner can't get rid of her to anyone. Can you turn a deaf ear to what she says?"

"I think so," Kate said. "Her language is no worse than that of a lot of actresses."

We climbed the stairs. "You don't mind the smell, either?"

"When I was a kid," she said, "we lived near a tannery. That ruined my sense of smell."

She liked my paintings. She studied them closely, if not with the eye of an expert, at least with the eye of someone who knew something

smile. "Don't go," he said to Kate, "I'll take you home later." But Kate kept her arm in mine

about art. "Why don't you exhibit them?" she said. "You could sell them easily."

"I'm submitting a design for a mural for the new State Library. They're holding a competition. If I'm lucky enough to win, I'll get a lot of publicity. *Then* will be the time for my exhibition. I'll be able to boost my prices."

DOWNSTAIRS, Mabel suddenly let out a curse. She struck sparks on the air; then she began to scream. The rest of the shop joined in. Birds screeched, pups yelped, a cat wailed, and the man next door hammered on the wall with a boot.

Kate smiled. "Never a dull moment."

We talked, I did a few sketches of her, and then I said I'd take her home. Mabel wished us a vulgar good night as I closed the door.

It was after midnight when we got to her flat. The moon was out and the stars were shining. Kate turned to me. "Thank you for a lovely evening, Matt. And thanks for this." She held up the sketch I'd given her. "But you've flattered me."

"That's a matter of opinion." She was standing on the step above me again. "Is it any use my standing on my toes?"

"Don't strain yourself." She bent her head and kissed me on the mouth. I went to put my arms about her, but she held me off. "Relax, Matt. This is platonic, not passionate."

"I'm living in hopes," I said. "Platonic friendships can't last. Not if one of the friends has the sort of ideas I have."

She was smiling, but her voice was serious. "Get rid of them, Matt. Let's just be friends."

I shrugged resignedly. "I'll try. But I'll have to have my blood watered down."

So it went like that for a couple of months. I saw her at least once or twice a week, but often when I rang her she had already made a date with Grierson. Sometimes she was out with him, and Jo would answer the phone then.

"If you ask me, the girl's crazy," Jo said. "I couldn't imagine a worse way of spending an evening."

I tried to console myself. "I don't think it means anything. She told me herself she's not interested in marriage."

"Nuts," said Jo. "Every girl's interested in marriage. Some just get married sooner than others, that's all. You'd better get cracking, Matt, old man, unless you want Ernie to beat you to the proposal."

ON the Saturday of that week, I borrowed a a boat from a friend and took Kate sailing. We cut down the blue water of the harbour, the sails curved and stiff before us, and the wake fanning out behind us to be lost in the wake of other yachts that beat across the water like giant gulls. I swung the boat round and slid into the shelter of Athol Bight.

Kate brushed the hair from her face and propped her knee up under her chin. She was in a tweed skirt and tight sweater, and she was built for that sort of wear.

"What are you staring at?" she said.

"Your figure's showing," I said.

"Well, what did you expect me to wear?"

"You should have worn a sou'-wester and oilskins if you want to keep this friendship platonic. Have a heart, Kate. I'm only human."

She smiled and put her hand in mine. "You're a nice human, too. It's been nice knowing you, Matt."

"Meaning this is the end of something?"

"I don't know." She dropped her knee and leaned back against the tiller. She took her hand out of mine and trailed it over the side. "I've been offered a job with a Melbourne radio station. I'm thinking about taking it. For one thing, Jo and Ham are getting married next month, and I'll have to move out—it's really Jo's flat. You know how hard it is to find a place to live where the rent is reasonable. The Melbourne offer includes a flat."

"You could come and live with me."

"Is that a proposition or a proposal?"

"It's a proposal."

She was silent for a while, trailing her hand in the water. "Thanks for asking me, Matt. But——"

"There's always a *but*. You don't love me—or don't you think you could take Mabel and the smells?"

"I don't know. It's partly both, I suppose. I like you an awful lot, Matt, but I'm not sure it's love. I just haven't let myself think about it. And if I did—well, I shouldn't mind Mabel and the smells. But do you think we could make a go of it in one room?" She took her hand out of the water and held my chin. Water dripped on my bare chest, but I didn't notice it as she leaned across and kissed me. "I'm sorry, Matt, but I think I'll take the job in Melbourne. I'd rather be lonely in four rooms than unhappy in one."

And that was that, it seemed. Maybe she was right. Love can work in a castle or a cottage, but no one has yet conducted a survey into how it has made out in single rooms above pet shops.

Then Jo and Ham had a pre-wedding party at the flat. There were a lot of radio people there, including Grierson. He lounged in one corner like Exhibit A, being admired by three female beginners in radio.

"Hallo, Shorty," he said. "Were you invited

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AFRICAN FURY (3) *by George Michael*

Five lions – for five shots

Hot on the trail of Setsitemba, the killer elephant, the hunter walks into a lions' lair—and brings off the bag of a lifetime

A FEW YEARS AGO Bob Ivy, my hunting companion, and I had been corresponding with a friend, Len Vaughan, the game and tsetse-fly control officer at Mazabuka, in Northern Rhodesia. A large area of land was under his control, including a section referred to as "The Cattle Cordon." This was a tsetse-fly belt, and except for millions of these wretched flies it was completely uninhabited.

Bob, who is by profession a taxidermist, and I wanted to collect a few really good trophies which were still missing from our collection, and we told Len we were looking for a piece of country not likely to have many other hunters. He suggested a few weeks in the Cordon. He was due to go on an inspection trip within a few days, and we could travel together until we reached a place where we wanted to stay.

Bob wrote to a mutual friend, a Cape Town barrister called Chappie Koller, and asked if he would like to come along with us. Chappie had always listened with envy to the stories Bob and I told about our various trips, and we knew that he would like to be invited. Almost by return post we received a letter from him saying that he was already on his way up to join us.

At daybreak a few days later we were all gathered in Bob's house, ready to leave. We were taking Bob's one-ton Ford truck, pulling my trailer, and both fully loaded with our equipment. Goodbyes were said to our wives and children, and soon we were on our way.

Two days later we came within sight of the spray of Victoria Falls, and as we approached we could hear the rumble of the mighty cataract, which increased until we had to shout to each other to make ourselves heard. The spray is visible twenty miles away. The natives call the Falls *Mosioa-Tunya*, "The Smoke that Thunders"—a beautiful name. We drove for the whole of the next day, slept at night on the side of the road, and arrived at Mazabuka the next morning. Len was there to meet us with his wife. We arranged shooting licences, then set off again along a very sandy and difficult road to the northern point of the Cattle Cordon.

Next day we arrived at a place called Wawa Pan, where we decided to make our main camp in a clearing surrounded by a thick clump of mopani trees. Two hundred yards west of this was a big grass-covered pan which, despite the dry weather, still held quite a lot of water; hundreds of animals of every variety came to drink there. Len and his wife only stayed long enough with us to have a cup of coffee, and then they continued on the way to Mulanga.

That evening, as we were seated round the camp-fire enjoying an after-dinner drink, we suddenly heard the splashing of water; it sounded as though a whole herd of cattle had started wading into the swampy pan. We walked to the edge of the clump of bush surrounding our camp and stood there listening intently.

After a moment, we heard the familiar sound of huge horns clashing together. Bob and I said simultaneously: "Buffalo."

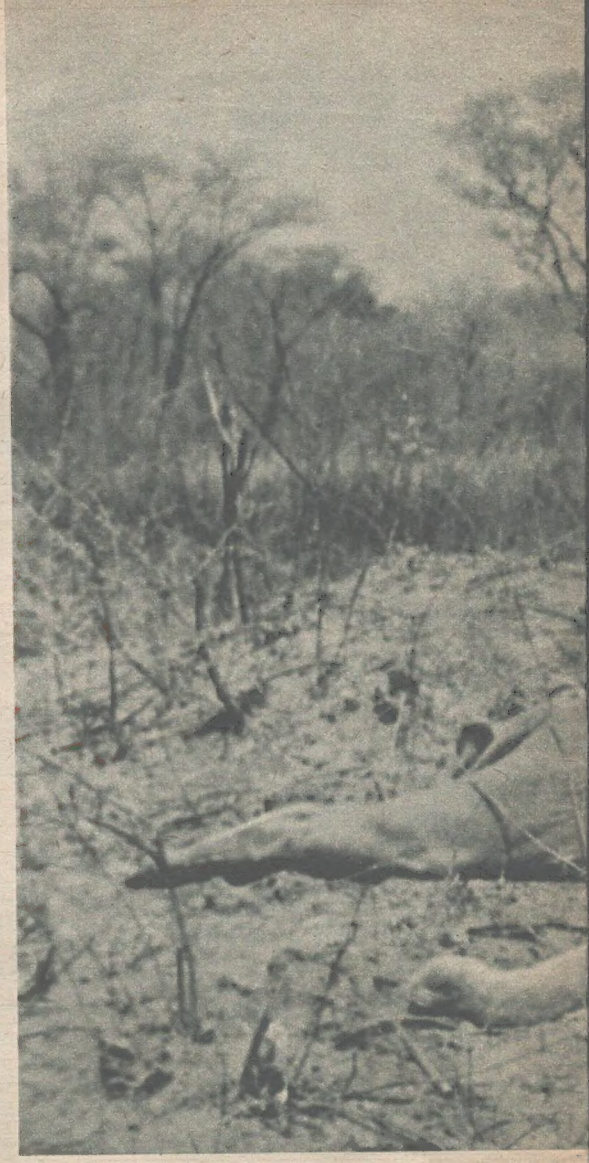
Chappie was now really excited. "Buffalo? How many do you think there are?"

We listened for a little longer. "Judging by the sounds they're making," I said, "I'd guess about two hundred or three hundred. What do you think, Bob?"

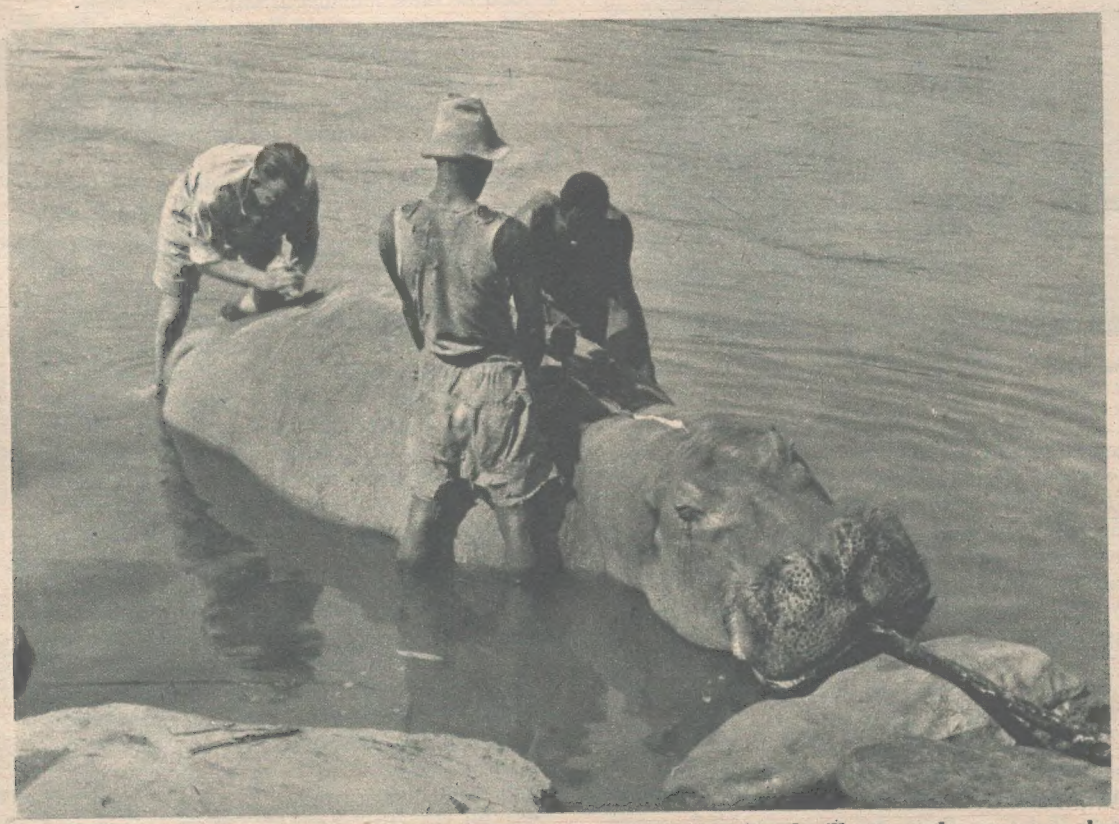
Bob turned to me with the look of anticipation that I know so well. "All I can say is that it's a hell of a big herd. Tomorrow we hunt buffalo."

We planned to go out after them at the first sign of day, because even then they had at least five hours' start on us, and we would have to travel fast to catch up. After making everything ready for an early start we turned in.

We had three boys with us on this trip. One was Bob's skinning boy, the second was my camp- and cook-boy. The third we had picked up at Namwala; he was supposed to know this part of the country, and to be a good tracker.



George Michael and Akari, his tracker, pose with



Bob Ivy and camp-boys skin one of the hippos shot in a hunt. Local villagers, who were on the verge of starvation because the hippos had devoured their crops, gratefully ate the carcass meat

Spoor Difficult To Follow

It was still dark the next morning when I woke Bob and Chappie. My cook-boy prepared for us while we got ready, and when the sky in the east began to turn pale we were at the water's edge looking for the spoor. Everything was still so dark that we could hardly make out the tracks left by the huge beasts, but even so it was not long before we were going at a good pace, hot on the scent. We came to some hard ground where the spoor was more difficult to follow, and Bob and I realized that our so-called tracker was useless. He had no idea how to follow spoor at all. Every few miles the herd would

the five lions he shot. During the mêlée, one lioness played possum, then sprang to attack him. Shot between the eyes, she dropped dead at his feet

split up, and then Bob would follow one group and I the other, while our "tracker" tagged on behind.

At times Bob and I would be four or five hundred yards apart, but always the herd came together in a single group again. When the spoors were difficult to follow over very hard and stony ground we were able to keep on the trail by the dung which they dropped at intervals.

For hours we kept on the spoor. The sun was now beating down relentlessly on us, and the heat was intense: our shirts clung to our backs like another, damper skin.

"I'm sure these blighters are heading for the densest bush they can find, to get away from the heat," I said to Bob.

Tracking Through Tunnels

He nodded, at the same time slapping his face. "You're right, George. Wish we could get away from these flies for a while, though." The tsetse flies were causing us a lot of pain and discomfort, swarming around our faces like a halo, stinging us with their hot needle-stabs.

We were by now halfway over a huge pasture-like flat that the herd had crossed before us, and in the distance we could see a dense strip of bush. We stopped for a moment. "I'll bet they're in there," said Bob, pointing to the bush that lay ahead. We tested the wind, found it in our favour, and approached the bush quietly and cautiously. The farther we went in the thicker it became, until eventually we were walking, almost doubled-up, through the tunnels that the buffalo had made in the otherwise impenetrable thorn and jesse bush.

The place stank of buffalo. They had obviously visited it many times before, for the smell on this hot day was tremendous. We kept going deeper and deeper into the bush, every nerve tensed, every sense tuned to high pitch, for we knew only too well the cunning and speed of the beasts we were tracking, and what would happen if we were charged by a couple of bulls, or if the whole herd stampeded in our direction.

Some hunters consider the buffalo the most dangerous and the fiercest of all animals, for although he is large and heavy he is neither clumsy nor slow. His horns spread out in a wide curve like huge hooks, and his head and forehead are protected with a thick crust of horn called a boss. He can kill with one thrust of these mighty horns; when his enemy is down, he tramples on him and gores him to pieces.

Sounds That Meant Danger

Now, as we advanced, every little twig that snapped under our feet sounded like a rifle crack to me. The air was thick with an atmosphere of tension and expectancy. Suddenly a branch snapped a little to the right and in front. I put up my hand, and everybody stood still.

Bob came up as silently as a ghost, and whispered in my ear. "Buffalo all round us."

I did not answer. I cocked my head in the direction from which the sound had come. We heard it again, louder this time. "That sounds more like an elephant to me," I whispered to Bob. We crept forward more slowly, poising each foot before we put it down in case we snapped a twig: silently and at the ready, not knowing what to expect.

Crash!

Right in front of us a huge branch was torn from a tree. Through a gap in the thick bush we saw the grey outline of a huge elephant. It was difficult to see which way he was facing. Just for a second we caught a glimpse of the ponderous head and the mighty tusks, and we all drew our breaths at the sight of the enormous amount of ivory he was carrying.

I tried to get a quick brain-shot, but it was impossible. The beast kept moving restlessly from one place to the other. Now we could see him, now we couldn't. A shot under such conditions would be madness. We could hear him making his way down to our right, and I was afraid that if he got too far down he would pick up our scent and be off, or come tearing through the trees at us, five tons of raging fury.

I started after him, hoping to keep downwind long enough to get a good shot. I had to wait for an opportunity to kill him instantly with the first shot, because if I didn't, goodness knows what would happen. If he charged us we had nowhere to run to. We were stuck in our tunnel: there was no way out but backwards or forwards.

As I moved away from Bob and Chappie, I noticed Bob looking around. Like the born hunter he is, he had not forgotten the possibility of other elephant being near. Suddenly, the elephant gave a low growl and, with the speed of a cat, turned in his tracks and went tearing through the bush away from me. He had scented us and was off.

I chased after him down the path he had made as fast as the retarding bush would allow, shouting and swearing at him at the top of my voice, hoping he would turn and come for me so that I could shoot him as he charged head-on. But he simply melted into the bush and disappeared.

"That Elephant's A Killer!"

I walked back to the others. Bob told me that at one stage the elephant had given him a perfect open shot, but he didn't shoot because he wasn't sure what *I* was going to do. So between us we had lost him, and after that none of us felt very keen on going after the buffalo. When you've very nearly had champagne with your meal, fizzy lemonade is not exciting. We decided to call off the hunt and began to retrace our steps along the hot and stinking tunnel.

Len Vaughan was sitting at the camp fire when we arrived. We told him of our near-miss and he looked at us seriously. "You know," he said, "I wouldn't be surprised if that elephant you bumped into wasn't Setsitemba, the elephant that killed Chris Walker some years ago. He has the reputation of being quite a killer. In fact, Akari, the boy I have with me

The feet are removed as trophies from three elephants shot by Michael. When the herd stampeded, the hunter fell ; he was lucky to escape with his life

now, was with Walker when he was killed. He was a kid then, but he remembers it well."

"I'm going after him tomorrow," I said quietly. "Who'd like to come with me?"

Neither Bob nor Chappie wanted to go. Chappie's feet were badly blistered, and Bob, being very allergic to tsetse flies, was in pain from all the bites he had received that day.

"Well, I'll go and look for Setsitemba alone tomorrow morning," I said.

"You can't do that," replied Len quickly. "You might have to hunt him for a couple of days. You can't go on your own."

I said I was determined to go, and that nothing would change my mind. The size of those tremendous tusks was still imprinted on my mind; I would never be happy until I had them. Len thought for a while, and then he said: "Bob tells me this tracker you've been using is no good. I think I'd better let you have Akari. He knows the country well and he's an excellent tracker,"

The next morning Akari and I walked to the dense bush where we had seen the elephant. We found its spoor easily enough, and followed it at a fast pace. Akari was a good tracker. He never tired, and his eyes were everywhere, his ears tuned to the slightest sound. The elephant was going well: he had stopped only once to drink and at a few places to feed. I was not feeling very hopeful of catching up with him, but I was determined I would not go back to camp without those tusks if I could help it.

Caught Napping In The Sun

By now it was nearly midday, and we had come out on to the edge of a large piece of bush and were facing a grass-covered opening about two hundred yards square. I paused to adjust my eyes to the bright sunlight after being in the semi-darkness for so long, and stood on the edge of the bush looking across the clearing. Slowly my eyes started to focus on what appeared to be a yellow patch on a slight rise about forty yards ahead. Then Akari and I at the same time realized what it was, and we dropped quickly down into the grass.

Six lions were lying on the little rise sunning themselves and dozing in the warmth. From that distance, and to my eyes, they looked like a single patch.

Akari put his hand on my arm and shook his head. "Bwana, don't shoot. Too many."

I put my finger to my lips and said, "Ssh," slipped over the safety-catch, and slowly stood up. The male lion was sitting upright, staring into the distance. They did not seem to know we were there. Slowly he turned and looked straight at me. Before he could move, I shot him in the neck, the bullet going through him and coming out near his right back leg. He died at once.

The other five jumped up in panic, not knowing what had happened. Before they could get away I dropped a second lion. Then they ran, two straight for me and two away. I dropped the two coming for me with two shots, and one of the others running away with the fifth. By now the last lion was out of sight, and I didn't see where it had gone.

A Bullet Between The Eyes

I stood where I was for a second, reloading. Five lions in five shots; I could hardly believe my eyes. I walked up to the first, and lying right next to him was the second, a lioness. I was within five or six paces of them when suddenly the lioness let out a terrific snarl and came for me. I cannot remember aiming or firing, but the next moment she was lying dead at my feet, with a bullet hole between her eyes. She must have been stunned or else was playing possum.

"Ow, Bwana, Bwana," was all Akari could say. I knew how he felt; I felt the same myself.

"Did you see where the other one went?" I asked. Only then did he remember that somewhere there was a sixth, and he was all for climbing a tree in case it returned in revenge. No, he didn't see where the other had gone.

It took all our combined strength to drag those five lions together, so that we could cover them over with bush to shield them from the rays of the sun while Akari went to camp to fetch Bob and Chappie.

"Go back to camp," I told him, "and tell Bwana Bob to come here quickly in the truck. Also tell Bwana Bob to bring my camera."

He stood for a while and then said: "Bwana, what about that other lion that is still in the bush? I'm sure she wait for us. I can't go without the gun to the camp."

I told him to take my rifle, but then he said he would not like to leave me alone, without a rifle, and with five dead lions and one still in the bush. He said he had already seen one white man killed, and he didn't want to see another. I insisted that he should take the rifle, but before he left he made me climb a tree and promise that I would stay there until he returned in the truck with Bob and Chappie.

I promised, and climbed a tall acacia tree, and watched the faithful Akari vanish into the bush at a trot; but as soon as he disappeared I climbed down, and made myself comfortable at the base of the trunk and fell asleep. After such an awakening, no lion would return to that spot for days—if ever—so I was quite safe.

About four hours later, I awoke to hear the truck approaching, crashing noisily through the bush. Akari's arrival at the camp had caused quite a stir. Bob and Chappie had just finished tinkering with the truck and were sitting down enjoying a drink when in came Akari, running like some legendary bringer of bad news, with my rifle in his hand.

Their first thought was that something had happened to me, and that Akari had come to tell them. When Bob heard what Akari had to say, his instincts as a professional taxidermist came on top of any other. "Hell," he said, "we'd better get there quick. Those skins will go bad!"

We uncovered the lions and had a good look at them; then loaded them on the truck and were soon back in camp. I had forgotten all about Setsitemba until we heard Len's van approaching.

He stepped out and came up to us as we sat, busily skinning the lions under some mopani trees, by the light of a pressure lamp. "Good God," he said, "what on earth goes on here?" We told him.

Having skinned the lions, Bob supervised the salting and then we sat round that camp-fire for hours and hours telling yarns, stimulated by what had happened that day—and also by a bottle of Scotch. After such a kill, all my enthusiasm for hunting Setsitemba had completely disappeared. . . .

Asked To Hunt Cattle-killers

When Brian, an English friend, and I had stayed with Chief Tshekedi Khama on our way to Northern Bechuanaland, the Chief told us that lions had killed a large number of his cattle at one of the cattle-posts near Mhisa, about 120 miles from Serowe, and he added that he would be very pleased if we could hunt out some of the killers.

I remembered this invitation, and one day, when I felt I had had enough of town life for a time, I reminded Brian of it and suggested we accept. He agreed, and added that he would

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Telephone trouble sends Jack up the pole

by JOHN MAY

Nature's tricks and man's odd habits bring Jack Wooltorton out at any hour to trace breakdowns and restore the service

JUST BEFORE DAWN one day in October, 1948, someone reported that the telephone wires were down on Stony Hill, near Ongar, Essex. The night supervisor immediately telephoned Jack Wooltorton, the local telephone faultsman, at his home. Jack, a tall, fair-haired Norfolk man, arrived at the breakdown in his little green van while it was still dark.

His headlights showed the broken wires already coiled away at the foot of the poles, and the branch that had fallen on them cleared off the road. Wooltorton drove a couple of miles farther to the local automatic exchange to disconnect the faulty lines, and it was not until he was on his way home to breakfast in broad daylight that he met a postman acquaintance looking white and shaken.

Cycling to work at 4 a.m., the postman had found the body of a motor cyclist who had run into the fallen wires a few minutes before. He was spreadeagled on his back in the road, almost decapitated.

Because in dozens of ways telephones are concerned with matters of life and death, post office mobile maintenance men have to turn out at any hour, as well as putting in a full day's work from eight in the morning to five-thirty. Occasionally the job becomes almost non-stop.

Shortly before midnight on a night of gales and torrential rain, Jack Wooltorton was called to two breakdowns caused by crashing trees. He put his clothes on over his pyjamas, drove out and dealt with the trouble, reported back to the exchange, and went home—"as I thought, to bed."

Rescued Stranded Colleague

As he was dozing off at about half-past three, his telephone jerked him awake again. In the next territory another maintenance man had also been out and was now marooned ten miles from home, his van broken down. Could Jack fetch him in?

"About six o'clock, when we were both home at last, North Weald aerodrome rang up with teleprinter trouble," says Wooltorton. "I cured that, and when I had finished my breakfast it was eight—time to ring through to maintenance control to start the day's work."

Jack Wooltorton is one of about two hundred mobile faultsmen in the Cambridge telephone area, which stretches ninety miles from Epping Forest to the Wash and covers 2,500 square miles. It is one of fifty-six telephone areas in Britain and is the largest of the Home Counties Region's twelve. It keeps its 70,000 telephones working efficiently through maintenance teams centred at King's Lynn, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge and Bishop's Stortford. Wooltorton looks after three exchanges and their subscribers in the Bishop's Stortford sub-area.

Stumped By Phantom Alarm

The job covers everything from stamp machines ("the trouble starts when the gum gets damp") to post office clocks, which must be accurate to within ten seconds. The engineers have to be versatile and resourceful, but now and then they are stumped. Some time ago the fire siren at Epping began wailing one afternoon—a false alarm. It sounded often in the afternoons during the next few months, the part-time firemen turning out and getting "false call money" each time. Who was setting it off?

"It was a mystery," says Wooltorton. The police station had not switched the siren on for a genuine call, and the glass of the emergency

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With his portable telephone, Wooltorton tests a line. He has traced uncanny rings to birds on the wires, and music to a B.B.C. transmitter

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

YES, MISS JULIE!

by ***WILL SCOTT***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

It was Yes, Miss Julie, No, Miss Julie—for years. And now look what she'd come to!

MISS JULIE turned her back on her sixtieth birthday, ordered Alice to clear away the litter, and began to worry about the future. What if she lived to be ninety? Even a hundred? You read of such cases in the papers. Where was the money coming from?

She wished she had been better at figures. But then, she had never had to be. So that what she had inherited she had lived on. And what, acting on advice, she had invested had always promptly vanished. And now, what was left was wearing exceedingly thin: It was very worrying. She still had her Position to Keep Up.

Ordinary people would have told the world and thought nothing about it, saying times were different. But Miss Julie wasn't ordinary; she had queened it over the little town almost as long as she could remember. And you had to admit that she *was* a queen. Somehow, she would have to keep on queening it to the end, or *let people know*. And you can't do that when you're a queen.

"She's got nothing to worry about," the neighbours were always saying. "Not like some of us."

The war had helped her last time. It had swept big household staffs right out of the scheme of things, and everybody had gone except Alice, who was a bit too simple for the war to worry about. So that everybody could understand it when she gave up the big house and moved to this little villa up the Rise. But if now she were to give up everything (including Alice) and take herself off to a tiny flat over a shop, what *would* people say?

To Miss Julie's credit, it must be admitted that she did not let her trouble show. Every sunny morning she sat there on her little balcony over the front door, waving and smiling to the old-timers who remembered her big days as they went by up the Rise with their shopping bags. In its small way that balcony was like Buckingham Palace.

The old-timers called her One of the Old School and they wondered who would take her place when she was gone. They always called

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Miss Julie acknowledged the greetings, bowing graciously just like a queen. She was an expert

Bessie is keenly interested in health services. Nursing staff wearing modern uniforms she sponsored show her round a Liverpool maternity home

Four-square Bessie bounces into battle

by JOHN ENNIS

She got her way as a child. Now, they can ban her from Parliament, but the causes she champions are seldom lost

A GREEN JOWETT JAVELIN car turned into Bidder Street, Liverpool, and stopped. Housewives on their doorsteps cheered as a broad, square-shouldered woman named Bessie Braddock left the driving seat and strode towards a group of men on the pavement.

For weeks, the women of Bidder Street had vainly agitated for the demolition of a tumble-down, vermin-infested tenement on one side of the street. Now, with only six days to go before their Coronation street-party, they had re-doubled their call for a cleaned-up street.

The men on the pavement were some of Liverpool Corporation's highest officials; they were there because Bessie Braddock had demanded that they must meet her on the spot. But they told her now that it would be best to return to the town hall to look up the regulations. Impatiently, the five-foot-two, fourteen and a half stone woman turned away from them.

"Come over here," she called to the housewives. The women crossed the street and watched silently as Mrs. Braddock turned her direct, blue-eyed gaze on the group of men. "If this rubbish is not cleared away in time, I'm going to lead these women to the town hall. Each of us will be carrying one of those bricks. And we'll break every window," said Councillor Mrs. Elizabeth Margaret Braddock, Justice of the Peace, Member of Parliament.

By 4 p.m. the following Saturday, the site had been cleared. At the Bidder Street Coronation party, Mrs. Braddock was an honoured guest. Asked afterwards if she had been bluffing, she said: "I would have done it, and the officials knew it."

The tough, frank manner of Mrs. Braddock, who has been Labour Member of Parliament for the Exchange Division of Liverpool since 1945, leaves little doubt about her opinions—on any topic. A fresh-complexioned, grey-haired champion of a hundred causes that she rarely allows to become lost, she boasts that she is afraid of nobody. "I walk in anywhere," she says. "Nobody can stop me saying what I like, where I like." So that she may be free to do so, she refuses payment, other than her Parliamentary salary, for any of her activities. A friend says: "To many people in the back streets of Liverpool she is a motherly, protective figure. To her opponents she often appears as the immovable object and the irresistible force rolled into one." Ken Counsell, Labour Party agent in the Exchange Division, says: "She is dominating, ruthless, fearless."

Twice, policemen have marched her out of Liverpool Council meetings, and she is the only woman M.P. ever to have been suspended from the House of Commons. This happened when she refused to sit down on the order of the Speaker, after she had spent an all-night sitting bobbing to her feet after every speech, but failing to catch his eye.

On her return to the House, she asked for a ruling on how to catch the Speaker's eye, saying she was anxious that the incident should not happen again. If it did, she said: "It might be necessary for me to refuse to leave the Chamber, and I should hate to put the Serjeant-at-Arms in the difficult position of attempting to carry me out physically." Eye-witnesses afterwards reported that the slightly built, usually impassive Serjeant-at-Arms, seventy-three year old Sir Charles Howard, gave a reflective smile.

Mrs. Braddock's weight and her outsize figure (fifty-inch bust, fifty-inch hips) have for years provided jokes on radio and television and in newspapers. If, sometimes, she feels that they go too far, she has never been known to admit this publicly.

Often she uses her weight to raise a laugh. One day, she heard that outsize clothing was being debated in the Commons. She swiftly sought out Mrs. Leah Manning, then an M.P., who is even heavier than Mrs. Braddock. With descriptive hand gestures, a member was saying: "They go in, then they go out again. . . ." when the two women gravely entered the Chamber, arm-in-arm, and bowed to the Speaker.

Mrs. Braddock enjoys telling a true story about herself that caps any made up by gossip

The only time that Bessie ever wore make-up, as a mannequin for outsize clothes in a TV show. "It made me feel sick," she complained

writers. It deals with the time when Sidney Silverman, one of the smallest M.P.s, was driving her to Bow Street Magistrates' Court where he, a solicitor, was defending leaders of the 1951 dock strike. In the Strand, his Jaguar car ran out of petrol. Thrusting a pound note into Mrs. Braddock's hand, he dashed away to the court.

With the help of a policeman and a passing driver, Mrs. Braddock pushed the car into the kerb and bought a can of petrol. Then she found she could not get into the driving seat, which had been specially altered to suit Silverman's small figure. The policeman managed eventually to move the seat back far enough for her to squeeze in behind the wheel.

"I leaned over to switch on the ignition," Mrs. Braddock recalls, "and my chest pressed against the horn button. Every time I changed gear, the horn sounded. It blared out even when I had to slow for a corner."

A colleague says: "Though her sense of fun and her aggressive manner cause her to be largely publicised as a humorous figure, Mrs. Braddock is no political clown." She can draw a bigger crowd than almost any other politician. Norman Dodds, M.P. for Dartford, believes that only Sir Winston Churchill can attract more people to a meeting. Dodds recalls hearing Mrs. Braddock begin a speech by saying: "I know you have come here to see whether I am as fat as they say I am on the radio. Well, judge for yourselves. But while you are here we won't have a wasted evening." Then she spoke for an hour without notes.

One of her favourite subjects is the balance of payments. "She reduces such complicated topics to terms that ordinary people can understand, and explains their effect on the home," says Dodds. "With all his academic training, Hugh Gaitskell could not make the balance of payments so clear."

In Liverpool, Bessie Braddock is recognized as a superb organizer. Perhaps her greatest achievement is the city's miniature health service for mothers and children, set up largely on her initiative. The Labour group on the City Council barred their members from becoming chairmen of committees when in opposition, but owing to a disagreement on policy the Party whip was withdrawn from Mrs. Braddock in 1934. For the two years that the disagreement lasted, she accepted the chairmanship of the maternity and child welfare committee.

Year after year, Liverpool had been criticized by the Ministry of Health for the lack of care provided for mothers and children. The city's infant mortality rate was among the highest in England and Wales. Mrs. Braddock pushed through a five-year plan for the building of modern clinics—a plan so extensive that the local Medical Officer of Health feared the council would throw it out on grounds of expense.

"Don't worry," Mrs. Braddock told him. "If I know these councillors they never read reports. We'll get it through." As it happened, only one man, a doctor in Mrs. Braddock's own party, read the whole of the report and commented on some of the apparent extravagances. "We thought he was going to wreck the ship," says Mrs. Braddock. "We nearly murdered him." Today, almost twenty years afterwards, the service created by that five-year plan is still among the best in the country.

Nearly Blown From Ambulance

Mrs. Braddock has always been interested in hospitals. During the war, she was a full-time ambulance driver, and later deputy divisional ambulance officer. On one occasion in the Liverpool blitz, when blast blew open the doors of her ambulance, she believes she would have been hurled from the cab "if I hadn't been so fat."

She carried her unorthodox methods into her work as a member of hospital committees, walking unannounced into wards at any time. She won a battle with matrons to give nurses a lightweight, attractive uniform in place of the clothes they had worn since the days of Florence Nightingale. Mrs. Faith Birkett, a partner in the firm that designed the new uniform, says: "She has a very keen business sense which she has never used to her own advantage."

One day, when other members of a hospital committee were being complacent about the quality of meals served to patients, she produced a plate of the food at the committee meeting. Without further argument, cooking facilities were improved.

Mrs. Braddock has never hesitated to produce evidence to reinforce her point of view. Once she held up a dead rat in the middle of a council debate on housing; the rat had been found, she explained, crawling over the face of a child. Another time, after hearing a whisper that she was to be prevented from speaking at a council meeting, she smuggled in a large megaphone. "I said quite a lot through that megaphone before they threw me out," she says.

In the 1930s, when members of the British Union of Fascists were allowed to wear black shirts, one councillor appeared in the council chamber in B.U.F. uniform. When he rose to speak, his words were drowned in the laughter that followed a cry from Mrs. Braddock. "U.B.F!" she shouted.

Both Reasonable And Ruthless

Political opponents say that Mrs. Braddock's public outbursts are shrewdly timed for their publicity value, and that she often talks with her tongue in her cheek. One Liverpool Tory councillor says: "In private committee meetings she debates very reasonably and very successfully. She makes a good contribution to the committee's work. But in public she can be ruthless on behalf of her party."

Bessie Braddock was born in Liverpool in 1899, the daughter of Mrs. Mary Bamber, a trade union organizer. She was strong willed even as a child. Her aunt, Mrs. Florence Little, says: "She was a little fiend. What she could not get by fair means she would get by foul. Soon after my son was born, Bessie kept running in and out of the house, and finally I told her to stop. She glared at me and said: 'If you don't let me get what I want, I'll wake the flippin' kid.'"

Another relative says: "She was always four-square to the wind. It was no use putting her in a pretty frock or curling her hair. She always looked good in a gym slip." A teetotal non-smoker, Mrs. Braddock has only once in her life worn make-up—for a television appearance as a mannequin for outsize clothing. "It made me feel sick," she says.

She and her husband, Councillor Jack Braddock, now leader of the Liverpool Labour group, were members of the Communist Party from 1920 to 1924. They resigned when Communist Party membership was banned to the Labour Party.

Her early experiences fitted her to hold her own in the politics of Liverpool, complicated as they are by racial and religious differences. At each election since 1945 her majority has risen. Today, she feels she is as strongly placed as ever, even though she is at loggerheads with her own local Labour Party executive committee, who are mostly followers of Aneurin Bevan, whom she roundly denounced at the 1952 party conference at Morecambe.

She prides herself on her "grapevine" knowledge of what is going on behind the scenes. Recently, she wanted to speak to an escaped deserter, who was being sought by all the detectives and military police on Merseyside. "Within an hour of hearing he had escaped, I was given a chance to meet him at a place twelve miles from Liverpool," she says.

"She's Genuine" Says Harding

Some time ago, she attended a function to publicise her campaign for better-designed outsize clothing for women. The organizer seated her close to Gilbert Harding, hoping that if they clashed he would get publicity for the campaign. "Instead," says Mrs. Braddock, "we found we were agreed on most things. We have been firm friends ever since." Harding said recently of Mrs. Braddock: "Each time I meet her I like her more. That overworked adjective 'genuine' certainly applies to her."

To Mrs. Braddock, the skirmishes that land her in the headlines are merely a by-product of her political life. More important, she considers, is the work she does behind the scenes.

For thirty years she has spent a half-day each week sitting in a rickety office in Liverpool dealing with the troubles of an endless procession of her neighbours. One day a young man slid furtively in. He said: "My grandmother said you would help me. I am a deserter."

Called Off Hunt For Deserter

He explained that he had been happy in the army until he discovered that his grandmother was sick and had nobody but him to care for her. "Two detectives are waiting at my home," he told Mrs. Braddock. "But I'm not going back until I know she's being looked after."

Mrs. Braddock telephoned the Deputy Chief Constable. "You are looking for a deserter," she told him, naming her caller.

"How did you know?" the police chief demanded.

"I have him here in my office," said Mrs. Braddock. "Now listen to me. I'm taking responsibility for him. Call off your detectives and let me settle this in my own way."

She got in touch with the city's welfare officer and arranged for the boy's grandmother to be cared for. She told the deserter which train to catch, and gave him a note for his commanding officer. Finally, she said, "If any action is taken against you, let me know." No action was taken. "He has been a good soldier ever since," says Mrs. Braddock.

She confesses that she is proud of the trust that will lead a man to walk into her office and admit he is a deserter. "But," she says, "if they come in with a phoney tale, they get no change out of me." THE END

THE GOLDEN FOOL

by ***DAVID DIVINE***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

He had found gold—and they told him to forget it. They were asking too much, even after saving his life. But there was also the girl, Lisette . . .

"In how many places did you find gold?" Jonathan asked. Stopford looked round at the boy suspiciously: it was his first mention of the gold. "I told you the whole story," he said

ANTHONY STOPFORD had come to the South African veld to prospect for gold—and he had found it. But he and his American partner, John Pirbright, had become desperately ill through eating poisonous herbs on the site of the "strike." Pirbright had died, and Stopford would have died, too, if a Boer farmer had not found him in time. The Boer, Jacques Lemaire, slung him across his horse and took him back to his farm.

Slowly, Stopford began to recover. Deeply grateful to Lemaire for saving his life, he urged him to register the claim at Potchefstroom, the nearest town. But Lemaire wasn't interested. Like many Boers, he hated and feared gold. Gold-mines turned good farming country into industrial wastes. That was against everything Lemaire believed in, and he told Stopford so.

Lemaire's two sons, Andries and Jonathan, distrusted the young Englishman. He was another mouth to feed: times were hard on the farm, and many oxen were sick. Jonathan, the younger boy, was seventeen, hot-headed and callous: he would rather have left Stopford to die. Only Lisette, Lemaire's pretty, flaxen-haired daughter, felt a wondering sympathy for this visitor from the outside world who had come so suddenly into their lonely lives.

By tacit agreement, gold was not mentioned again. Lemaire decided to ask Stopford to stay for a few months at the farm. Then, perhaps, he would learn to understand the simple, religious, Boer way of life: a life that gold could destroy utterly.

PART 2

Lemaire Speaks His Mind

STOPFORD lay in a long chair at the foot of the *stoep* in the shade of the oak. He had asked to be put in the sun and this was compromise. He looked innocent, strangely vernal in the rare tones of light, the bright halation given off where the November sun struck the outer leaves, the deep green beneath it and the filtered shadow below.

He looked up almost gaily as he saw Lemaire. "I'm bowered," he said, "and I'm better. Your daughter would not let me walk here, but I think I could have walked." He measured the distance with his eye and added: "I shall walk back." There was a sort of defiance in his tone.

Lemaire's face was unsmiling. There was another smaller chair close to Stopford's. He sat down on it heavily. "Mr. Stopford, why did you come to this country? I do not mean to the Witwatersrand here. I do not mean to this farm. Why did you come to Africa?"

Stopford's brow furrowed slightly. "My father is a farmer and I am a third son. It's difficult to explain the shades of these things to someone who doesn't know England."

Lemaire said, surprisingly: "I know England. I have lived there. Where is your father's farm?"

"In Warwickshire," Stopford said, "near

Birmingham. It was a good farm but the town encroaches on it—faster every year, it seems."

"You could have worked in Birmingham?"

"I could have," Stopford agreed, "but I would not have liked it. I don't think that I like factories or shops or offices. There was much talk of the colonies—people going to Australia and to New Zealand. I thought I'd go, too."

"And you chose the Cape Colony?"

"No, I made no choice. I went to London. There was a ship going from the Thames to Cape Town—no more than that." He looked up at Lemaire with an engaging smile. "No drama, only little things—an accident, if you like."

LEMAIRE nodded. "Sometimes it seems that all life is an accident." He paused and then, apparently making up his mind, went on: "Mr. Stopford, this was not always my home. My home was Languedoc, a wine farm at the Cape. Around Languedoc there are great oak trees and the shade is full of delight, and against them the mountain rises in blue walls. The Cape is nearer England than anything else in this land: its lights are softer, its greens are deeper, more subtle.

"But it is not England. The English came to it—I have nothing against the English except that they cannot understand us: even now they have reached no understanding. Every man who trekked from the Cape, who left as I did, had a reason for leaving, and every reason was different from that of the next man. Some of my people will tell you that we left to preserve the purity of our religion, and that is true of some of us but not of all. Some left because they were cheated over the freeing of the slaves. I myself lost"—he made an expansive gesture—"a great deal of money. Some left because, of course, the next valley is always greener, and the grass over the next hill is always sweeter.

"Some left because there were small tyrannies and great stupidities—because we did not like officials or soldiers or the crowding in of your people."

"And you, Mr. Lemaire, why did you leave?"

"Because I remembered a stream in Staffordshire that ran black with the dust of coal. I do not hate you English"—Lemaire's back was hunched now and he sat with his hands dropped between his spread knees, staring at the red dust of the ground—"I do not hate you English, but I fear you. I fear what you bring with you. You left your farm because you were afraid that the town would swallow it. I think that I am right!"

Stopford answered in a faintly puzzled tone: "I hadn't thought about it that way, but there is truth in it, I suppose."

"The English are caught in this thing," said Lemaire. "I have heard it called the revolution, the industrial revolution. You have been to Manchester, Mr. Stopford?" Stopford nodded soberly. "It is very rich and very black. The coal there is not in the streams but in the air. You breathe it.

"I came north across the mountains, and I went down with Retief to Natal, and I came back here because this land is cleaner and sweeter, and here I have built"—he opened his hand suddenly with a gesture that took in the three sides of the farm and that embraced somehow all the easy slopes beyond it to the skyline—"I and my children and my neighbours whom you do not know, and their neighbours beyond them and all the people over this plain, all down to Potchefstroom and down beyond that to the river, to the Vaal. We are a sober people and a simple people, walking as closely as we know in the ways of God because under this sky there is only God and the land and ourselves—and now," he ended on a heavy note, "there is you!"

"You are afraid that gold will destroy what you have made here?" Stopford's voice had a sudden anxious understanding.

Lemaire's forehead contracted. "I am afraid of what gold will do to this whole country. If this is proclaimed a gold-field it will be for us much worse than it was for you on the edge of Birmingham. It will not be slow: it will be sudden. It will not be a gradual growing over, but a thing like—" he paused, looking for a simile, and went on, "like a thunderstorm, Mr. Stopford, like our High Veld thunder, and there will be death with it like our High Veld lightning. Do you understand this?"

"You cannot stop it," Stopford replied, his voice sad at the sorrow in Lemaire's tone. "You cannot stand against progress."

"I can try," Lemaire said, and rose to go.

STOPFORD'S recovery moved slowly and uncertainly. It seemed to him to move in an alternation of noise and recrimination and almost suffocating maternalism from Aholibamah, the enormous black cook-housekeeper, in periods of shy and remote quiet with Lisette, and a cool and puzzling companionship with Lemaire himself. Lemaire was an enigma. Early, Stopford had become aware of the deep, inherent kindliness of the man. Now, as he saw more of him, he realized that under the kindliness was an inflexible sense of purpose.

Gradually the feeling came back to Stopford's legs. He began to walk, to make slow journeys with a stick down to the stream or into the open veld behind the house with its endless flowers; and then one day Lisette took him up

As they arrived, Andries cracked his whip exul

The earth shook with the rhythm of the dance. It was the first time Stopford had held Lisette in his arms, and his heart was beating wildly

to the source of the stream. They rode most of the way, leaving their horses at a gate into the hills.

The spring rose under a wall of naked blue rock at the head of a little amphitheatre. A rock wall closed the eastern side. To the left, a grass slope rose where the thorns stopped and flowed gently to the skyline. Left and right of the basin, where it came from the broken stone, there was a dense and matted rampart of sweet thorn. Lower down, three small karee trees stood in a line, and beyond them, up to the eastern wall, there was more thorn and scrub. The place had the fresh beauty of untouched primeval things.

"When my father came here—" with one

antly. Lisette sat on top of the wagon like a young queen, waving to her friends. Stopford, looking up at her, knew that he would never forget this day

finger Lisette described a circle round the amphitheatre—"this hollow was full of sunbirds. That was why he called the farm Jangroentjiesfontein."

"What do they look like?" Stopford asked her.

"Green," she answered, "green all over. *Jangroentjie*—it means 'little green John.' It has a long tail and two longer feathers stick out of it. It moves very quickly. You must have seen one!"

"No. We were too busy always looking for rock and then working on it. We had no time to look for birds."

"That's what my father says." She nodded wisely. "When men look for that, they do not have time to see the other things."

"You too!" Stopford smiled at her.

"It's true," she protested, flushing.

"Your father is a strange man, and you're as strange as he is. How old are you, Lisette?"

"I was fifteen in July, but age is not important here in the back veld. I think I am much older than fifteen."

He looked at her with a sudden appreciative sympathy. "Yes, much older." There was a moment's silence between them, and then he asked: "You see very few other people?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "At *nagmaal* when the people gather together for Holy Communion—and sometimes we go visiting. I have friends."

He was aware of a little pang. It could not be of jealousy, and yet he wondered who the friends were who had shared this innocence.

She was kneeling now beside the pool, studying her face in its dark reflection. "This is a Thursday, and sometimes I think I am very beautiful on Thursdays, and then on Fridays I know that I am not!" There was no shadow of coquetry in the words, and almost before he could think she exclaimed quickly but quietly: "There's a *jangroentjie*, look!"

The emerald bird with its slender, curved beak moved with a quick purpose between two

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"It's up there," says Smart, pointing towards an elusive echo. With him are his assistant, Ken Shearer, and Joyce Thompson, who recited while the meter on the table located unwanted sound

How to admit fresh air, but exclude noise, was as they worked on London Airport ventilators.

Douglas Smart sells peace and quiet

by JACK ATACK

Rumbles and bangs sound a challenge to him. As a noise tamer he muffles them all, and quells the unruliest echo

TWO YEARS AGO, an engineering firm in Surrey found itself in serious trouble. People in adjacent houses, kept awake at night by the din of pneumatic riveting, had complained to their local authority, which had taken out an injunction. The factory representatives were summoned to court and told to stop either the noise or the riveting. Faced with the prospect of closing down, the manager called in an acoustical engineer named Douglas Smart.

Some weeks later, after treating doors, walls and ceilings with absorbent materials, Smart arranged to meet local authority men outside the nearest houses. He told them the problem was solved, but they insisted on hearing the machinery at work. "They didn't know that the machines had been pounding away the whole time we were talking," Smart recalls. "The case was immediately dropped."

Restoring quiet in a noisy world is Douglas Smart's job. As one of the few architectural acoustical engineers in Britain, he often finds himself a keeper of the peace. Once he was called in to treat a council house after rebellious tenants, demanding privacy, had refused to pay rent. More recently, he was needed when the occupants of a flat beside a noisy boiler house threatened to spend Christmas in a hotel and send their bill to the landlord.

In his twenty years' experience, Smart has muffled everything from the cry of new-born babies to the roar of jet engines. He has treated cinemas, squash courts, hospitals and restaurants. He has also worked at the Houses of Parliament, in a giant ocean-liner and at London Airport. From drawings, he has planned acoustical treatment for cinemas in New Zealand and Venezuela, factories in Italy and Belgium, broadcasting studios in India, and a church in Switzerland.

"In many cases," says Smart, a thirty-six year old Aberdonian, "treatment is designed to give technicians ideal listening conditions." He was once called to inspect a small cabin in a Yorkshire factory where more than five hundred motors are produced daily. Technicians in the cabin listened to motors as they came through on conveyor belts and rejected any they thought too noisy. Smart sound-proofed the room and, weeks later, the factory announced that the quality of the motors had improved. "They were able to listen to the engines under true conditions," Smart explains.

Where sound-proofing is required, ventilation is always a problem, since fresh air, as well as noise, is kept out. To overcome this, fans force air into a room on one side through hollow ducts and take it out on the opposite side. Not long ago, Smart was asked to sound-proof rooms and offices at London Airport. The intake grills for ventilation faced the runways, and he had to place extra-absorbent material in the ducts.

Sound-proofing is often an intricate and painstaking job. Recently, Smart was called to an aircraft factory where technicians in the control room could not hear themselves speak above the roar of jet engines. To isolate the room from the test cells where the engines were running he designed sandwich doors, consisting of two two-inch doors with a two-inch gap in between. The sections were made of layers of wood, mineral, wool, plywood, felt and aluminium, for different materials absorb sound of different frequencies.

On another occasion, Smart had to isolate an echo-free room, known as an anechoic chamber, from the rest of a building. This meant that the room literally had to hang in mid-air, and he devised a special lifting system by which the forty-ton room was suspended from twenty-eight strips of rubber.

Hanging Saucer Stopped Echo

Such tasks are not uncommon to Smart. When Bernard Miles moved his company from St. John's Wood to the Royal Exchange last year, Smart had to transform the courtyard into a Shakespearian theatre. "It was seventy-five feet from floor to dome," Smart recalls. "In such a space the actors' voices would have been either lost completely or grotesquely distorted." To achieve the acoustics of a normal theatre, Smart slung four tons of ceiling on wires no thicker than knitting needles.

In another case, Smart stopped an acute echo by suspending a gigantic saucer-shaped disc, twenty-six feet across, from the dome of a school

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

the problem facing Smart and Reginald Smiley
A special material and design did the trick

in north-west London. Officials had complained that clapping in the assembly hall dwindled to a prolonged fluttering and drowned the speakers.

Hard surfaces deflect sound and are often the cause of noise disturbances. Smart was once called to inspect a classroom at a West Country public school where pupils were making an abnormally high number of mistakes. School officials were convinced that the boys were mishearing in class. "The room, about twenty-eight feet high, was like a box on end," Smart recalls. "Voices became a blur because standing waves bounced from one surface to the other, taking an unusually long time to die."

Though most of his jobs are carried out in factories—"the cost of sound-proofing private homes is usually prohibitive"—Smart's work is remarkably varied. He has designed a floating floor for a giant ocean-liner so that the scraping of chairs and blare of dance music would not disturb sleeping passengers in the cabins below. He also stopped the noise of blower fans in the Houses of Parliament from disturbing the Lord Chamberlain, whose apartments were nearby.

On one occasion, he was called to sound-proof a pianist's living-room in Kensington when wrathful neighbours complained of her late practising hours, and he has installed sound-proof partitions in a restaurant to prevent masonic dinners being overheard. Smart, who is employed by John Dale Limited, says: "An acoustical engineer may be called on to sound-proof bombers or battleships, or even to investigate ghost footsteps."

There is, in fact, a detective factor in Smart's job. When tenants in the top floor of a block of flats complained of a strange rumble in the evenings, Smart, with a sound-level meter, tracked the disturbance to an electric mincing-machine in the basement of the building. Another time, office-workers reported a high-pitched whistle, and Smart's assistant, Ken Shearer, traced the noise through 250 yards of pipe to a gas jet in the furnace of a nearby building.

Even the most experienced ear cannot always tell when acoustics are perfect. Smart was in a party of engineers and musicians invited to judge the acoustics of the new Festival Hall. A concert was played and afterwards a well-known conductor was asked his opinion. "Marvellous," he said, "but there are just a few things," and he started to suggest innumerable improvements.

Two weeks later, the conductor was invited back to another concert, and this time he pronounced the acoustics perfect. "In those two weeks," Smart recalls, "not a thing had been changed."

According to Smart, quietness is just as important as fresh air, pleasant surroundings and proper light for efficient working conditions. Elimination of noise has often been known to affect productivity in offices and factories. Smart once treated the head-office of a building firm with a typing pool of twenty girls. Productivity rose by twenty-five per cent, and errors and sickness dropped off noticeably.

But too much quietness can have the opposite effect. Once Smart treated a large reception room where several girls were typing. The clients wanted soft furnishings, plush carpets and heavy curtains as well as absorbent material, and though Smart warned them it would be overdoing things, they insisted. "After we finished the job," says Smart, "half the girls were going off with headaches and nausea, the silence was so oppressive."

Defeat—From An Electric Hum

Occasionally, Smart talks himself out of a job. When he was asked to treat the office of a fruit squash concern, he found that the ceiling was the underside of a ramp over which barrels were constantly rolled. "The noise would start as hollow thunder in the distance," he says, "then there would be an almighty roar as the barrels rolled over the head of my client, who would automatically duck." Though all sorts of expensive schemes had been considered, Smart solved the problem by advising workmen to fit the barrels with rubber tyres.

Now and then Smart has to admit defeat. When asked to investigate an office equipped with electrically driven accounting machines, he found that the hum complained of was the one hundred-cycle note produced by the motors. The dimensions of the room amplified the note, much in the same way as a violin amplifies the notes produced by bowing the strings.

"There was nothing to be done short of dismantling the motors and moving them to another room, installing new motors or changing the room's dimensions," explains Smart. "And this would have been too expensive."

At his sound-proofed office and laboratory in north London, Smart keeps a valuable stock of equipment. His most costly instrument is a £200 oscilloscope, specially built for showing the decay of sound in a room. He also uses a special reflector for studying echoes, a sound-level meter for locating noises, and several microphones.

Missed His Neighbour's Radio

Though no academic qualifications are required for the work, Smart says that applicants must have a firm grasp of physics and engineering and a quick, practical mind. No schools, universities or colleges offer a specialized course in acoustical engineering, and beginners must serve an apprenticeship. "The job," Smart says, "is forty per cent theory and sixty per cent experience."

Now and then he fails to foresee the consequences of his job. He was asked to treat an east London block of flats, where noise was travelling through the ceiling on one level to the floors above. Smart ripped up the floorboards and packed absorbent material in between. He left, congratulating himself on a fine job, and met one of the occupants of the upper flats on his way out. The tenant looked crestfallen. Hoping to cheer him up, Smart told him he would no longer be disturbed by the people below.

"I know," the man replied, woefully, "but now I'll have to buy myself a radio." THE END

A "gun" that shoots out sound. Smart fits a blank cartridge into a reflector. The noise of the shot can be accurately aimed

Smart and his assistants test a ventilator duct in the laboratory. He has "silenced" factories, cinemas, hotels and churches

AFRICAN FURY

Continued from page 12

like to ask his wife's brother-in-law, Alek Wilke, to come along with us.

Alek is a six-footer and weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds; he was a fighter pilot during the war, and altogether he looked to me like a very congenial companion for a lion hunt.

Before we left Pretoria, Alek mentioned to a relative of his that he was going to shoot lion. This man offered to lend him a rifle and, as Alek had no gun of his own suitable for hunting lion, he was delighted to accept the offer. The owner of the rifle said it was a 10.75 mm., the same calibre as the rifle I myself use. This, we thought, was useful, as in an emergency we could share the ammunition.

Soon we had everything prepared, and a few days later were camped at Mhisa, listening to the lions disturbing the quiet of the night with their roars.

The Silent Watchers

Looking back on this and other first nights in camp, it strikes me that the amazing thing about camping almost anywhere in the African bush is that, no sooner have you fixed your camp and made your fire, than out of nowhere, so it seems, natives arrive and with the usual crutch of arm over head greeting, squat round the fire forming another circle behind you.

So it was this night. We had hardly settled down to a drink when they started to roll in, big and small, old men and young; women with babies strapped on their backs, all silently seating themselves on the ground watching us; not insolently, or with any feeling of hostility, but merely interested in everything we did, and quick to follow our actions.

We asked them about the activities of the lions, all the while watching to see who appeared to be the most intelligent so that we could choose the best to be our trackers. The lions, we were told, had been active during the last few days, and several head of cattle had been killed.

I asked the natives whether they had any dogs we could use for hunting the lions, and each one of them seemed to have a few, so I selected four or five of the brighter-looking boys there to accompany us next day, and told them to bring their dogs with them.

Early next morning our trackers, plus a few uninvited but enthusiastic volunteers, arrived with their packs of dogs—and a more miserable, underfed, mangy, curly-tailed collection of mongrels would have been difficult to find. Brian, Alek and I climbed into the cab of our truck, and natives and dogs climbed, tumbled or were thrown (by companions) into the back.

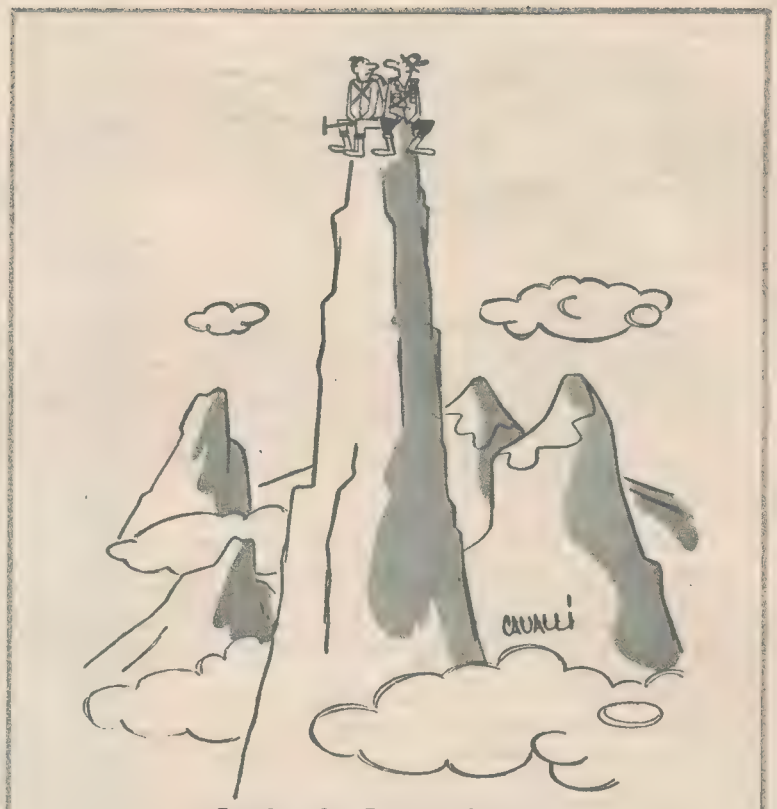
Eventually, after a noisy journey, our kennel on wheels reached the spot where our native guides thought the lions had been on the previous night. Brian drove the truck under the shade of a tree, and right away we started to make ready for the hunt.

One Up The Spout

I loaded my rifle, putting five rounds into the magazine and one in the chamber. As usual, I withdrew the bolt again to make sure that the extractor had clipped over the rim of the cartridge, so that it would not fail to extract after the first shot. Brian loaded his magazine and also pushed one round into the chamber; so did Alek, and we started off, with the trackers out ahead looking for spoor. It wasn't long before they picked a very fresh spoor and, like the wonderful trackers these people are, they were soon following it as though it were painted in big red letters.

The scent was now freshening, and the dogs and natives were extra careful of any bush or clump of grass that was big enough to conceal anything bigger than a rabbit. Then, all of a sudden the dogs were off yelping and barking. Some came tearing back, the hair like wire on their backs, running in between our feet, almost knocking us over. We all started to run forward.

A lioness was walking away very



"Lately, after I get to the top, I find myself saying, 'So what?'"

scornfully from the pack of barking, yelping, snapping curs. Her legs were stiff, and she walked with her back arched, as though she were trying to make herself look bigger than she really was. I waited for Brian or Alek to shoot because I wanted them to get a lion, but no shot came; apparently they could not draw a good bead on her.

She began to run when she saw us, and the dogs started off after her. Still I waited for one of the others to shoot; but still there was no shot. I was not going to let her get away, so I ran up after the dogs. I lost sight of the lioness, but I could hear the dogs barking. Then the lioness came running through the bush to my right, about fifty yards away, and as she came out of the thicket on the other side I took a snap shot, and she dropped in her tracks.

Skinned The Lioness

The dogs immediately dived in and started tearing at her. I ran up and kicked them away. I had shot her through the right eye, and killed her almost instantly. When Brian and Alek came running up, I apologized for having shot first, but said I was afraid that she might have got away.

We skinned the lioness immediately, and straightaway went after the rest. We could tell from the spoors that there were quite a few other lions about. I decided to walk fifty or sixty yards behind my companions, so that either Brian or Alek could take first shot if we put up any more lions.

We had been following a fresh spoor for about two hours when the dogs began their antics again. The natives were stopping and looking ahead and casting glances from side to side more frequently, and at once the dogs were off, yelping and barking.

I heard all these sounds ahead of me, as well as the angry growls of lions. A shot crashed, and then, a second or two later, another. The dogs were going mad now, and the lions snarling more ferociously than ever.

Another shot. After the first, I started to run forward, and arrived on the scene just in time to see Brian's third shot miss a young lioness that seemed to be coming straight towards him, while Alek stood on his right with rifle held by the stock, high above his head like a club, ready to give the lioness a crack over the head before she got him.

I lifted my rifle and shot her through the neck. She veered off to the left and dropped dead in a bush. Farther to my right I heard more growling and barking. I turned and plunged into the bush towards the sound, and almost ran into a huge lioness, majestically sitting on her haunches, teeth bared, snarling and swiping at the snapping dogs around her. Her left paw caught one dog and killed him instantly, crushing his skull like a walnut, before my bullet entered her brain.

All this took place in a matter of seconds. The dogs stopped their barking, and for a moment there was silence. Brian and Alek came up.

"Well, what the hell happened to you chaps?" I asked, aggrieved.

Alek was as cool as a cucumber. "I was ready to smack that lioness over the head with this rifle when she came," he said, and I believe he would have done so. "The damned thing wouldn't fire. When the lions broke cover I took the one nearest me and pressed the trigger. All I got was a click. I pulled the bolt back quickly and pushed another bullet up into the chamber, but it wouldn't go in. The first one which hadn't fired had jammed up there.

"Brian realized that something had gone wrong, and tried to shoot from where he was standing, but he had to fire through the bush and he couldn't get her. Then he ran up to me to get a better shot, and you appeared."

"Let me have a look at that rifle," I said to Alek. He handed it over, and I examined it. "This isn't a 10.75 like mine," I said. "It's a .404, and what's happened here is that the 10.75 ammo which you put into the magazine seemed to fit, and the one you pushed into the chamber went so far in that the firing-pin couldn't reach the percussion cap. Some people call this a 10.75 Magnum, and I think that's how the mistake arose."

And The Moral Is . . .

We all agreed that things could have been worse, and thanked our lucky stars that no one was hurt. "I'll never use a rifle in future until I've tried it out at camp first," said Alek. So he had learned something of value—and so indeed had we all. The moral is, I suppose, never *assume* anything. Prove it yourself. Quite a good motto for lots of people, besides hunters. . . .

Another safari that I remember well was made with Dr. Louis and Bob Ivy. We had heard that the hippos at a place called Simamba, in the Zambezi Valley, had been destroying the crops to such an extent that the natives were almost on the verge of starvation. An official in the Rhodesian Government had told me that if I intended doing any hunting that year, I would be doing the natives a favour by destroying some of these hippos. Elephants, too, were a constant source of worry in the valley, he added, and we could help the natives if we killed a few of these as well, and so frightened the rest away.

So, with a roughly drawn map in my pocket to guide us, we set off. It was dark when we made camp under a huge wild fig tree on the banks of the Zambesi River about two miles from the village of Simamba. All that night, we heard the hippos grunting and bellowing, and in the distance we could hear the natives beating drums and upturned boats, and whatever else they could to make a noise that would keep the hippos out of the area.

But the hippos were by now accustomed to these sounds and defiantly walked into the lands and ate their fill of maize, tomatoes and pumpkins. Gongo and Tent, two natives from the village who had attached themselves to us, drew our attention to the grunting of one hippo that sounded quite different from the rest.

Symphony Of The Jungle

"That one," they said, "is the worst of them all. He is very big and bad-tempered. We are all afraid of him. With one snap of his mighty jaws he can bite in half our strongest *makora* [a boat made by hollowing out a tree trunk]. Many times has he chased us, when we cross the river."

That night to me was one of the most beautiful nights in my memory, which is why I have named my home in Pretoria "Simamba." The campfire cast deep shadows in the bush around us, and lit up the branches overhead. The full moon was flirting with the ripples on the surface of the mighty Zambezi, and in the background native drums beat, and hippos grunted their contempt and defiance. Night plovers came screeching overhead, and the jackals yelped plaintively, and the wandering hyena uttered his melancholy "Whoooo-oof" that carried far into the stillness of the dark. All this, and the rustling of the dry leaves made by tiny scampering feet in the nearby bush, made up the symphony of the jungle, and in the warm darkness it was very good to be alive.

"George!" I snapped out of my dream; Bob was speaking to me.

"George, I've been talking to you for the last five minutes and you haven't answered me."

"Sorry, Bob, I was dreaming," I said. "What were you saying?"

"I was saying that this is one of those nights. The sort of night when you're not sure whether you're awake or dreaming."

"Yes," I said.

"If I wasn't so tired," he went on, "I'd like to take a walk along the river bank, but I think I'll turn in now. Louis has been asleep for the last ten minutes. Listen to him snore. . . ." I listened. I'd thought it was the hippos!

Nightly Search For Food

Next morning the hippos had moved to a huge pool in the river about five hundred yards above our camp. We crept along the banks, following the same trampled-down routes they used night after night when they leave the river in search of food. During the day they laze around in the deep waters, floating on the surface with their heads just sticking out, at a safe distance from the shore, but with an eye on the land, keeping a watchful lookout for enemies in the form of man.

When alarmed they submerge, and after a few minutes come up with eyes, nostrils and flat of the head just breaking the surface, sometimes letting out their peculiar *he-ho-ho-ho*.

When undisturbed, they float with their young lying on the nape of their necks, sunning themselves. They are great underwater swimmers, too, and can move along at quite a pace by walking along the bottom.

We approached the hippo pool under

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SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 41-47 BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.3

cover of the reeds that grew in abundance on the edge of the river, and luck was with us, for as we came out of the reeds we found a sandbank behind which we could lie and watch the hippos without being seen.

From this position we would be able to see which of the animals we wanted to shoot. We wanted bulls only. When shooting at hippo in the water, great care must be taken to make quite sure of the first shot, because they present a very difficult target, and a great many can be wounded without the hunter knowing.

This morning, every one of our shots went home. With each one there was a great splash. The hippo would submerge and after a few seconds come leaping up out of the water, spouting blood, and then sink to the bottom.

After two or three hours, depending on the temperature of the water, up he would come again, lying on his side with his pink belly exposed. The boys would go out in their canoes, sling a rope round one leg and tow it to the side. They would then wade into the water themselves, and with long poles lever the huge beast to the bank. There, Bob supervised the skinning, and the natives came in their dozens to carve up the meat, so that in a matter of an hour there would be not a piece of flesh left.

Biters Are Bitten

That night, the natives performed a great thanksgiving dance. The chief came to visit us, and said that his people were very grateful, not only because we had shot the hippo, but because the dried meat would be a great help to them until their next crops were ready. There was indeed an element of poetic justice about the whole thing. The hippos had eaten the natives' crops and made them go hungry; and now the hippos were dead and the natives were eating them.

Two nights later, Bob and I had a narrow escape during an unexpected encounter with an elephant herd. Flies had got into the meat Bob and Louis had shot for the camp the day before. It was full of maggots and unfit to eat, so I suggested to him that we should shoot a fresh buck for the pot before it became too dark.

Bob took his 8 x 60 Magnum with soft-point bullets, as we expected to shoot only small game. I had already emptied my magazine, and taking three bullets from my ammunition belt, which was hanging in a tree, I followed Bob and called Tent to come along to carry back whatever we shot.

Elephants On The Move

We had walked about a mile from the camp when we heard elephants trumpeting quite close to us. "Bob," I said, "let's have a look at these chaps, and see if there are any big ones among them."

"I'm not going after elephant with this light rifle and soft-nosed bullets," Bob replied firmly.

"Well, I'll go on my own," I said. "Just to take a look at them."

"If you go, then I go—but I still think you're crazy. It's almost dark."

We climbed a steep rise and found ourselves on top of a small plateau. The bush was dense and the light bad, but now we could hear the elephants more plainly. Bob pointed out one of them moving through the bush a little to our left, coming slowly towards us. Then the rest of the herd loomed up in the semi-darkness, walking towards us in single file. The leading elephant, a cow, stopped about thirty yards away, ears wide open and trunk in the air. We stood perfectly still; the eyesight of elephants is poor, and we hoped they would not see us in the dim light.

The air was oppressive and hot, and laden with the smell of the beasts borne towards us by the gentle breeze. The first animal seemed satisfied that nothing was amiss, and lowered her trunk.

"I can count thirteen of them," Bob whispered in my ear. "I'm going to climb this tree and see if there are any really big boys," he added, handing his rifle to Tent at the same time.

Suddenly the leader swung around facing us, ears outspread, trunk in the air. "If she comes another step forward I'll let her have it," I said to myself, raising my rifle. She moved one more pace: I shot her between the eyes, and she dropped like a log.

A young bull came running up towards her and looked as though he was going past and straight for us. My next bullet went right into his brain, and he fell on top of the dead cow.

A terrifying scream, different from anything I have ever heard before or since, rent the air, as a huge cow from the back came tearing at us. I heard Bob behind me shout: "Look out—she's coming!" She was almost in line with the two dead elephants when my third and last bullet crashed into her brain, and she fell only a few feet from them.

I turned round to look for Tent, who had Bob's rifle, but he was gone. I learned afterwards that, in his excited desire to use the rifle, he had pulled the bolt right out, and then turned and ran like mad.

"Let's Run For It"

The elephants were now going berserk. They did not know where the shots were coming from, and they threshed round the three dead beasts in complete chaos. The air was filled with their terrific screams and bellows. Bob was beside me, unarmed. My own rifle was empty. It looked like a good place to be away from. "Let's run for it," I said.

We beat it as fast as we could go down the side of the plateau. I tripped over something and went headlong into a cavity in the ground, and lay there for a few seconds, heart bursting, seeing stars. Bob heard me fall and he turned back.

"Are you all right?" he asked, worried.

"I think I've bust my ankle," I said, for the pain ran like fire in the bone. He put his arm under mine, and helped me to hobble along to the bottom of the slope, where we found Tent waiting for us, trying to fit the bolt back in the rifle. The sounds of the elephants had now died down; they must have run off in the opposite direction.

"Why the hell did you shoot?" asked Bob, trying to look serious. I started to laugh, and so did he. I knew that he had enjoyed the excitement as much as I had.

Pain Kept Him Awake

My ankle was now hurting me terribly, and by the time we reached camp it was very badly swollen. Bob and I told Louis what had taken place while he looked at my ankle.

"You're the luckiest blighter I've ever met," said Louis grudgingly. "You seem to get all the fun and excitement."

"Never mind about that," I said. "What's wrong with that ankle?"

"It's too swollen to be able to tell," he said frankly. "It might be a small fracture, or it might be only a bad sprain. Better give it a good rest. No walking for you for a few days."

The pain kept me awake nearly all night, and next morning it was worse. I couldn't move it or bear anything to touch it. I was determined, however, to have a look at the dead elephants.

I suggested to Bob and Louis that they should improvise a carrier out of my stretcher, so that our natives could carry me to where the elephants were lying. This was soon constructed, and four boys carried me to the spot. The three elephants were lying just as we had left them. There were dozens of natives there already, several lepers among them; leprosy was very prevalent among this tribe.

Bob instructed the other natives that they cut some meat for the lepers first and send them on their way back to their villages. One leper, who had lost most of his fingers, had a knife gripped between the stumps of both hands, and had already started carving at the carcass with the grim determination of a hungry man.

The survival of the fittest certainly seemed to be the code among these people. They wouldn't lend a hand to help one of their kind who was not able to fend for himself. Old and crippled battled along as best they could to gouge out whatever meat was available before it was all taken up by their stronger and younger friends and relatives. I sat in the shade of a tree watching, as I have many times before, the gory mess in front of me.

Women and men, covered in blood and muck, crawled in and out of the stomachs of the dead beasts like maggots. I sat there taking photographs, trying to capture on film a scene that is possible only in the strange continent of Africa.

The stench from the dead animals was almost unbearable, but I sat on, fascinated by the mad scramble for meat. It seemed as though they were battling for life itself; and, indeed, they were doing just that.

Blind Chief's Verdict

In the shade of the tree I sat thinking. What would these defenceless natives have done if there was nobody to protect them and their crops from the ravages of wild animals? If left to their own crude methods of destroying the elephants, by digging pits for them to fall in, and so on, they would never kill them off in sufficient numbers.

I looked across at the almost stripped carcasses of the huge beasts. What a pity that such an enormous creature should die by the hand of man!

Then I remembered the words of old blind Chief Pethu, and I felt better: "If the government values the lives of my people above those of the animals, then the animals *must* be destroyed."

NEXT WEEK: Hunting Africa's most dangerous animals—with a camera

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

CLARENCE was a polite, well-mannered little man, and when he married Maud many of his friends raised their eyebrows. Maud, they said, was not his type; he had married beneath him.

For once, people were right. Maud was large and overbearing. She used dreadful language and often abused the neighbours over the garden fence. For seven years, Clarence put up with it: then, one day, he protested.

It was after a particularly bad outburst against the woman next door. Clarence and his wife had an argument of their own which lasted for two hours. In the end, Clarence managed to quell his wife, but it was a hollow victory.

A permanent rift appeared in the matrimonial fabric, and that evening Maud moved into another bedroom. Ever after, she denied Clarence his marital rights. As things grew worse, he finally did his own cooking, ate alone, and fended for himself. He allowed Maud 28s. a week and she remained in the house, also caring for herself.

It was as if there were two separate households under the same roof.

Clarence waited three years, and then petitioned for a divorce, saying that Maud had deserted him. When Maud heard this she scoffed: "How could I have deserted him? We live under the same roof, and see each other every day of the week."

They might live in a peculiar fashion, she added, but she had not gone away and left Clarence.

In court, her husband retorted that Maud had withdrawn from cohabitation and the marriage just as surely as if she had taken herself miles into the country. If she had moved into the house opposite, there would have been obvious desertion. Moving into a separate part of the same house was exactly the same thing in principle.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 27

TELEPHONE TROUBLE SENDS JACK UP THE POLE

Continued from page 13

button outside the fire station was unbroken. But there was no other way of operating it. The authorities decided to rewire the system. The next afternoon, when Jack Wooltorton and the Epping engineer, Dennis Bass, were starting the job, the wailing began again. They dashed outside and saw schoolboys running up the street. "Even then we didn't know the answer until one boy we caught confessed," says Wooltorton. "The glass was loose and, without breaking it, they could push the button."

As a dual maintenance man who works both indoors and out, Wooltorton usually starts his day by checking Ongar manual exchange. Priority attention is given to "emergency subscribers" such as police, doctors, hospitals and the ambulance service. Kiosks are regarded as more important than most ordinary subscribers because they serve more people. The commonest fault is caused by bus tickets idly stuffed into kiosk money slots.

When Wooltorton was working at Cambridge, hand-sets began to vanish from kiosks. "We came to the conclusion that some undergraduates were rigging up house telephones in their rooms with post office instruments."

Gave Himself Away

Thieves who try to rob public call boxes are generally unsuccessful. The front can be wrenched off a telephone money cabinet fairly easily, but the money itself is in a small solid safe, much less accessible.

A thief was wrestling tensely with the money cabinet one night in a Bishop's Stortford call box when the door opened stealthily and a constable grabbed him. "What the thief didn't realize," Wooltorton recalls, "was that some kiosks have an emergency button instead of the 999 system. He had short-circuited it and alerted the exchange."

When any ordinary subscriber reports a fault, it is recorded on a printed docket in the exchange and shot down to a maintenance control desk by pneumatic tube.

Then the fault is written on the subscriber's card, which is pigeonholed until the engineer rings up to say that the job is done. The "clear" is then entered and the card goes back into the index.

"Local knowledge," says Jack Wooltorton, "is the magic key." A faultsman, in his view, should know everything about his area—"from the habits of birds that regularly tangle the same span of wires, down to his subscribers' furniture."

Hunted For A Tack

Called to a large house where the phone was misbehaving, Wooltorton walked into the library and noted that the subscriber had laid a new carpet. He promptly looked round for a carpet tack hammered through the wire that ran along the bottom of the wainscoting, found what he expected, and was out of the house, having cleared the fault, in a few minutes.

Last winter a farmer complained of a noisy line. Wooltorton tested it at intervals by clambering up his sectional aluminium ladder at telegraph poles to speak to the operator over his "tapper," a portable telephone. It was clear all the way.

Finally, from the farmyard, he began a visual check of the last section. Scrambling over a dung heap, he spotted a queer tangle between the last two poles. "I remember now," the farmer said. "I broke the wire with the hay elevator last summer." Wanting to phone, he had joined the ends with rusty baling wire.

Despite the cork "game guards" which the post office puts on overhead wires, partridges, pheasants and swans hit them and sometimes strangle themselves. One poultry-keeper's best turkey roosted on top of a pole and put an "engaged" signal on the farm phone every night; the fault disappeared a few days before Christmas.

Another chicken-farmer was wakened regularly at dawn by mysterious rings; nobody spoke when he answered. Inspecting his line, the engineers found hordes of rooks trampling the wires together as they waited for an automatic chicken-feeder to switch on the morning's corn supply.

On any job, Wooltorton runs through the more obvious possible faults, making allowances for the public's odd habits. "A rather nice old chap," he remembers, "fixed a cork in the hole over the figure nine so that he could dial 999 in the dark. Then he complained that when he dialled 'O' he couldn't get the exchange."

Wrong numbers and similar troubles are rarely the operators' fault—"they don't want to make extra work for themselves." A sticky switch or the subscriber's dialling are more often to blame. Some people try to push the dial too fast; if it spins faster than nine to eleven impulses a second, wrong numbers result.

A few try to dial while wearing gloves, and a thick thumb can similarly result in the dial not going the full distance to the fingerstop.

Engaged For Hours

Certain faults, but not all, show up at the exchange without being reported. One Hertford line was engaged for hours at a time; the engineer found that two branch offices of a firm were keeping it almost permanently open on a non-timed call for all their executives to confer in turn.

When the receiver is off too long, an engineer plugs into the line to check. If a crime has been committed at a factory or warehouse he may hear a gagged night-watchman groaning. "Usually," says Jack Wooltorton, "you hear ticking clocks, people walking about, dogs barking and babies crying." He may call at the house or put the "howler" on the line—which attracts attention with a high-pitched note from the receiver.

The most mysterious phone phenomenon is when a telephone picks up a radio programme. Near Bishop's Stortford, overhead lines pointed towards a B.B.C. transmitter and acted as an aerial. "It wouldn't have mattered," Wooltorton's immediate boss, George Wyer, explains, "if a slightly faulty connection hadn't worked like the crystal of a crystal set, and given the subscriber music and news with his calls."

The telephone maintenance organization is well aware that some users make complaints with an ulterior motive. When the six-monthly bills go out they always provoke a crop of letters. These go to Wooltorton's friend Alan Collins, a special faults investigator in the Bishop's Stortford sub-area. Other faultsmen can also call Collins in to help them if necessary. Recurring complaints go to him automatically.

A well-to-do woman with an old "candlestick" telephone kept complaining in the hope of getting a new hand microphone instrument without extra charge. "You should have seen her face when I walked in with a replacement," says Collins. "It was a new candlestick."

Calls For Nothing

Like most telephone engineers, Wooltorton is frequently asked how calls can be made for nothing from kiosks. One of Wooltorton's colleagues was recently called in after a woman subscriber had complained that frequent wrong number calls were disturbing her in the night. Her line was put under observation at the exchange.

Next evening the engineer heard the switches clicking in a peculiar way, and realized that somebody was trying to get a free call from a kiosk by dialling in a special way. The caller got his usual wrong number, hung up, dialled again and got through. Listening on the line, the engineer heard him announcing his name and enough details to give himself away.

"It was a policeman on the beat," says Wooltorton. "He was saving his pennies while making a routine call to the police station." THE END

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P.927A.

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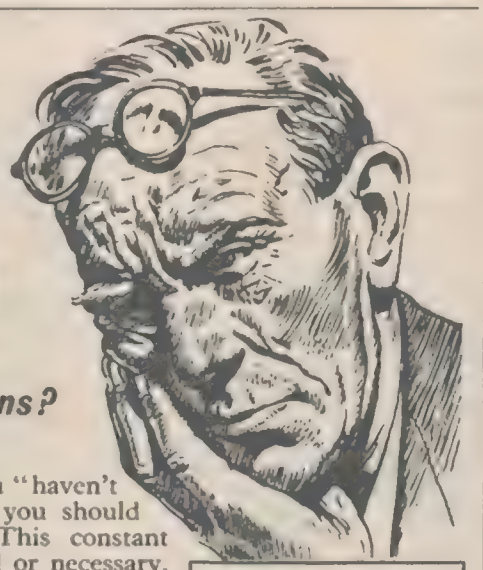

. . . or short of vitamins?

If you find yourself feeling you "haven't the energy", it's a sign that you should take your health in hand. This constant feeling of fatigue isn't natural or necessary. Nervous exhaustion plays the very devil with your happiness—and it nearly always brings nervous irritability with it.

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"Remember the radio days when all we needed was a couple of coconut shells?"

THE GOLDEN FOOL

Continued from page 19

of the low bushes, hurdled over a third and was lost to sight.

"There'll be a nest up there," said Lisette. "Let's look." They searched fruitlessly and in the end she said: "We'll ask Father—he will know. It's time we went back to the horses."

They pushed out through the scrub and her dress caught on a thorn. Stopford reached her as she tried to free herself, and as his hand went down to the bush it touched hers. Again he felt an inexplicable current in his body.

As she mounted with the help of his joined hands she said: "Sometimes I bathe there."

For a moment he had a little classic vision of loveliness and he said: "Naiad."

"What is a naiad?"

"Your father has not yet instructed you in the Greek mythology," returned Stopford, laughing. "They were water nymphs. They were supposed to be very beautiful."

She smiled almost shyly at him.

"Your father is a remarkable man," he continued, "so remarkable that I should like to know what he is going to do with me."

"Oh, that!" The girl turned frankly towards him. "He's going to ask you to stay with us for a time—to see how we live and why."

"And then?"

"And then I think that he hopes you will see that to bring gold mines here would be a bad thing."

AHEAD and shoulders came into sight on the eastern skyline, and instantly, almost like a trick, the body of a man and then the body of a horse.

"My father," said Lisette happily, and flicked her mare.

They cantered easily over the gentle slopes towards him. As they approached, Stopford could see across Lemaire's saddle a brace of guinea-fowl. Lemaire had been out shooting for the pot. Stopford knew from his direction that he had come from the *kloof* where he and Pirbright had been working, but Lemaire said nothing.

Lisette stretched out and lifted the fowl from the saddle-bow.

"They must be plucked," she said. "I'll take them down."

Suddenly, urging her horse into a canter and then into a gallop, she went down the slope like a young wind.

Stopford's mount fell into pace beside Lemaire. Lemaire spoke first. "The grave is well covered, but you worked elsewhere?"

"There are four other places. We didn't dig at them. Pirbright was searching for a reef. We took samples from the rocks. Those places are outcrops. The reef runs back under your hills, I think. Two of the outcrops come out in the grassland in the open. We went to them at night and took samples. We didn't wish to be seen by your herdboys or by yourselves."

"That I can understand! What is the law with regard to this gold?"

Stopford shook his head. "Pirbright could have told you more of that. He knew the law of the Republic. I know the *Volksraad* has offered a prize of five thousand pounds to whoever shall find a workable mine of gold."

"I did not know that," replied Lemaire sharply. "When?"

"Three months ago. It was that which decided Pirbright to come. Five thousand pounds is a lot of money, Mr. Lemaire. Even in England it would be a lot of money, but here. . . ! It is yours if you wish, together with all the other rights."

Over the steady, delicate movement of the horses, Lemaire said quietly and without embarrassment: "'Again, the Devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; And saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

Stopford said nothing, and after a moment Lemaire continued: "I may not perhaps believe all that is in the Bible, Mr. Stopford, but I believe in God. I also believe in the Devil—I think you should be clear in your mind about that—and I believe that gold is of the Devil. Can you tell me anything in the history of the world that shows it otherwise?"

He had reined his horse as he spoke, and Stopford's horse had stopped in precise unison with it. The two men faced each other.

Stopford said: "That, I think, is a philosophic argument, and it would be easier to conduct it in a chair than on horseback. Mr. Lemaire, what are you going to do with me?"

In his voice there was an undercurrent of courage. Lemaire acknowledged it with a level glance. "I am going to ask you to live with us for six months, Mr. Stopford, to learn to

know us, to see our way of life and to discover our way of thinking."

"And at the end of six months?" he asked.

"At the end of six months I hope that you will have changed your view, Mr. Stopford."

"And if I refuse? Supposing I make a bolt for it?"

"You could," said Lemaire, and looked round the absolute nakedness of the veld.

Stopford interpreted the look. "You mean that I wouldn't get far?" he said.

"I mean that you would not get far," answered Lemaire. Then, with a glance almost of friendliness, he turned back to Stopford. "But I do not think you will go."

THE rhythmic song of the natives as they tamped down the clay had become, Stopford thought, a background to his daily life. For more than four weeks now he had been working with and against the pattern of that singing, and the main wall of the dam was almost complete. Lemaire had proposed the building of a dam, perhaps, to give Stopford a useful job of work, but as the planning and the work progressed, Stopford knew that other and more subtle elements entered into it.

He was beginning to know the family now: to know that Jonathan had a restless egotism that could be satisfied only by some new project, some expansion—he was obsessed now by the possibilites of irrigation; that Lisette had an abiding sense of beauty, and that the dam, full and bordered with the willows that Lemaire had planted, would make for her a soft and colourful loveliness before the house; that Andries, absorbed in his cattle with the passion of the nomadic impulse of the trek, would find in its water the security that he needed.

Lemaire was standing with him now at the stream.. "The water is low," Stopford said.

"That is its level. It runs like that most of the year except when the rains come or in very dry seasons. When you came it was swollen with the rains."

"And shouldn't the rains still be falling?"

Lemaire's brow furrowed. "I do not like it. It is twelve days now since the last fell."

"Then it may be as well to try to get the dam finished now while the water is low."

Lemaire shrugged. "If it is drought, it is drought. Every year there is something. How long will it take to finish this side?"

"Another week."

"And to fill the gap?"

"If everybody worked, five days perhaps."

Unconsciously, gradually, Stopford had become the engineer of this project. He could not have said how, for Lemaire's brain was at least as good in this matter as his, and it was better in most other things—that he readily acknowledged. But Lemaire had slipped out of the project: no one had seen him passing. It had been Stopford's work and Stopford's responsibility and the boys had accepted it. . . .

"Tomorrow," he told Jonathan, "we want the big wagon and three spans of beasts as well as the tipcart, and we want all the hands."

Jonathan demanded anxiously, "Why?"

"We're going to fill the gap," Stopford answered slowly. "Your father wants it. The rains have stopped."

They were walking back to the homestead together in the last sun. Stopford was tired; even after five weeks the poisoning had not entirely left him; but there was an almost voluptuous pleasure in this tiredness, a sense of creative fulfilment. He wondered if this, too, were a part of Lemaire's plan.

Jonathan said after a while, reverting to an earlier discussion: "I'd still like to carry the water in pipes. We could run the water down to the other stretch beyond the rocks and there we could grow anything." Stopford made no repy, and in a moment Jonathan went on again: "My father has told us that we can take the wagon some time and trek to the Cape if we wish it. Why shouldn't we go and come back with a load of pipes?"

Stopford asked, startled: "How long would it take?"

"Four months, five months."

"And what would happen here while you were away?"

"What could happen? The *Oubaas* and Andries are enough for this place. We want a new plough and a harrow and a pump. Up here"—Jonathan made a gesture of futility—"when can we get things like that? The traders never have them, and if they had, how could we pay for them? We never have money!"

Stopford, impelled by some blind instinct to force the pace, asked: "Jonathan, what would you do here if you had money?"

The boy stood silent and Stopford waited for him. When the words came they had an almost stuttering eagerness. "I wouldn't bother about this stream, there's not enough water in it anyway—enough for the cattle, that's all. No, I'd dam the river. There's a place half a mile below where your camp was, and I would dam it with rock packed with clay—there's plenty of clay there. It would run back for a mile, more perhaps, into the mountains and then you could irrigate below that. If you had big pipes or cement you could make proper furrows and you could irrigate hundreds of *morgen*—as much as you wanted to. There's always water in the river."

"And what would you grow?"

"Tobacco."

CLEARLY, the boy had thought this out in all its aspects and his answer surprised Stopford because it was practicable. Tobacco was the one crop that they could grow here and sell.

He suddenly knew that this was no idle dream. The boy had vision and energy, the breadth of knowledge to carry out a plan like this: everything except—he realized suddenly the difficulties of money. For fifteen years Lemaire had worked here, and probably had never sold goods or cattle for more than fifty or sixty pounds in a single year. Everything else went by barter. He knew that Lemaire still had interests at the Cape—the wine farm, his mother. It might be possible to raise the capital for this development.

Then abruptly, and almost with a sense of shock, he came back to the realization that if Lemaire had wanted it he would have done it for himself long since.

Stopford turned and began to walk more rapidly towards the homestead, and Jonathan caught him up. They walked silently. Beyond them in the *kraal* the milk cattle were lowing, and about the trek oxen the dogs were barking as they moved the herd. They could hear the shouts of half a dozen of the small Hottentot boys.

In a voice devoid of any urgency, a voice that had no expression at all, Jonathan asked suddenly: "In how many places did you find the rock that had the gold in it?"

Stopford looked round at him suspiciously, but the face was empty, like the voice, of expression, and he answered shortly: "There were five

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 24 the judge pointed out that he had to be very careful before deciding whether desertion had taken place. The determining factor was that "two households" existed—that Maud and Clarence lived as two completely separated and independent persons. Just because they lived under one roof, there was no reason for refusing to hold that desertion had occurred. The fact that Maud had completely abandoned all, and not merely some, of her wifely duties and responsibilities was the important thing. Therefore Clarence was entitled to his divorce. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

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'Chloro-Yeast'

outcrops altogether. Why do you ask?"

"Oh! I don't know. You didn't seem to think much of the tobacco-growing."

Stopford looked at him suspiciously again, but there was nothing more in the tone that he could take hold of. "I told you the whole story on the *stoep* that night," he said. "There's nothing else."

In the evening, after they had eaten, the whole family walked down to the stream. There was a special fascination about it now. The jackals were calling round the entire circuit of the horizon tonight. It was as if some contagious sorrow had seized them, and all the skyline was rippled with a threnody of despair. At a point almost at the centre of the fourth side of the *erf* the water passed over a little lip of rock and made a gurgling, communicative noise. Now, as they were close to it, it rose over the pattern of the jackals' sound in a confidence that was almost arrogance.

Stopford said: "Oh-ho! We'll silence you tomorrow or the next day. You wait!"

Lisette was next to him and he felt her hand suddenly in his in a cool, companionable touch, a touch that felt to him confident in its assurance that it was wanted. His own hand closed over hers.

Jonathan asked, out of the darkness: "How long will it take for the water to come up here?"

"I don't know," Stopford admitted frankly. "It's difficult to tell what the rate of flow is. It might be three or four days, it might be a week. I should say it would take three weeks at least if there's no rain to fill the dam—might be even more."

As they went back to the house, Lemaire said, his voice remote: "We will go in for the Christmas *nagmaal*, to the Apies River."

Stopford felt Lisette's hand tighten on his in a sudden communication of excitement.

"How did you know it would be there?" she asked.

"When I was out shooting yesterday I met Shilling, Theunissen's Hottentot, with a message for me that Pastor Celliers would be at the river at Christmas. We will go—all five of us."

Stopford felt Lisette's excitement infecting him, too. It was curious that in the seven weeks that he had been at the farm no one had approached its boundaries. Perhaps this was only the normal rhythm of life on the High Veld. And he had never been to a *nagmaal*. The primitive Communion service was outside his experience

LEMAIRE'S words had put the temperature of excitement up ten degrees in a single bound. Jonathan's eyes were alight and eager; Andries was stirring; Lisette seemed to be laughing to herself and, over her laughter, humming a little tune. The atmosphere was livelier, suddenly and charmingly lighter, more human. He felt his heart catch at the quick, responsive gaiety of it.

And for himself he wondered. He wondered if Lemaire had been keeping other people away from the house. How was it that he had intercepted this one messenger yesterday? Had he been riding Cossack patrol all this while to cut off people from the knowledge and sight of his captive, of the visitation from the outside world that he represented? If that were the case, why then had he said "all five of us"? To take him into *nagmaal*, to the one great gathering of this scattered countryside, was to offer him to the assembled examination of the community. The two things could not fit, and yet the words "all five of us" had been comprehensive, generous and genuine. His acceptance was marked by clearly defined stages: the first stage of neutrality, the moment when the boys began to call him "Anthony," the day when Lisette softened and shortened it to her own diminutive "Tooni"—and now this.

Lisette was chattering. Her words rose about her almost in a confusion. "Aholibamah and Maria and 'Timah. . . ." She began to con over food stores and conjure up visions of gargantuan meals, and in between she said: "I wonder if there will be dancing . . . ?" and then, "The Minaars will be there . . ." and, "I can wear Mother's silk dress. . . ."

The small hand in his was fluttering like a bird.

THE wagon moved steadily down the long, sloping easy track. Lemaire was off the line of the trek with Jonathan, looking for a buck. Lisette sat on the wagon, on the after-part of the load, singing, her face remote and happy. Stopford walked with Andries by the oxen and native *voorlopers*. He was full of contentment.

In this slow, easy movement of the pacing oxen there was the whole history of these people of the trek. This was the rhythm of their lives, this was the rhythm of their creation. They had made themselves out of nothing in the pace of the labouring ox. One could not understand these people until one knew the ox wagon and all that it implied; Lemaire was teaching him and he was willing to be taught.

He looked back at Lisette and she waved, throwing him a smile of pure happiness—the ultimate enchantment.

They were moving down now, he knew, to a stream by which they would camp for the night. The trek was divided into two days, two days of loveliness.

The wagon lumbered down the ridge to the valley stopping place. Lisette looked back to Stopford's lithe figure as he walked with long strides across the naked grass, and for a moment she forgot her own present happiness in another happiness. She was in love with Tooni, she knew that. She had known it perhaps from the very first.

Perhaps, she thought, that was the reason she was so intensely happy in this journey now—happy that she was taking him down to the river, to the *nagmaal*, to her people.

* * *

They were coming to the great outspan. From the summit where the road dipped over the last swell of the upland they could see tents and people among them.

To Stopford there was a shock in this crowd of people. There were twenty-three wagons—he had already counted the tilts from the top—and three carts. There were beasts from the wagons that had just arrived, being driven out to the grazing ground. There were Hottentot boys and Kaffirs running through the lazy dust. There were women and young girls and children; small boys running and shrieking. The place had the air of a town, the urgency, the elation of one.

To Lisette there was a sense of shock also, a shock foreseen, pleasurably awaited. This was what she had been hoping for—this swirling excitement, this lively humanity.

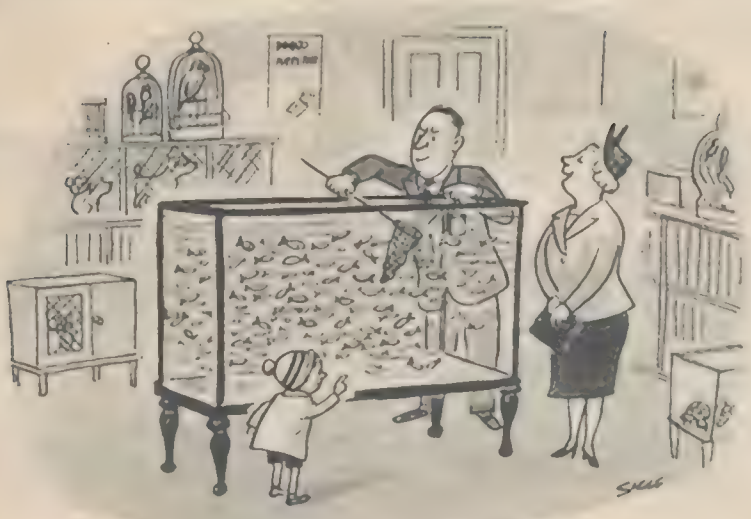
She could see, far off, friends: the

LITTLE BOY KIDNAPPED

She was numb with shock. The voice on the phone, the demand for money.... Could this be happening to her?

John Appleby's compelling story appears, complete . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



"He knows which one he wants, bless him"

three daughters of the Minaars; the upstanding sons of Elbert Bezuidenhout; Tant' Wilhelmina, the immense and kindly wife of Petrus Steyn. She sat on the load on the top of the wagon like a young queen, waving to them, and between the greetings singing little snatches of half-formed song, and breaking the singing to call, and breaking the call to laugh. And in the dust below Stopford looked up at her and caught something of her mood. He walked with his feet light and his heart light within him, too.

Andries was using the whip now in a bravura of pistol-shots. Jonathan had ridden ahead on his pony. The *voorloper* was stepping out like the leader of a column when the bands start. The oxen themselves were scurrying. The whole thing had the exultation of a triumph.

Stopford knew that he would never forget that day. This combination of religion and of social contact had a quality that was effervescent.

They had come in in the late afternoon and with the dusk they ate about their fires, intermingled, grilling mutton over the hot coals at the end of long forked sticks, spearing rich *boerewurst* over the glowing embers. He and Lisette ate at the fire of the Steyns, and went on from that to the fire of the Bezuidenhouts, and came back to sing about the fire of the Minaars, and when they went back to their own fire there were fifteen people around it, and there was a bottle of sweet Constantia and the little glasses that Lisette had packed so carefully three days before, and strangely, thought Stopford, a feeling of something sacramental in the night.

Overhead, bats flew, and they heard birds in the darkness calling above the startling light of the fires.

Stopford watched Lisette with two other girls of about her own age now. Their heads were together and they talked endlessly and excitedly, but one of the girls was looking sidewise all the time at a young man who sat with another group three yards away, and Stopford remembered Lisette's words: "Age is not important in the back veld." They were perhaps all of them fifteen, these three, but no one of them was a child.

In the Dopper church they sang no hymns; they chanted only the metrical version of the psalms: but this was the Reformed Church, a Calvinism not so strict, a Puritanism not so rigid. They sang strange hymns to tunes well-remembered. They sang also the Old Hundredth—not because it had specific relation to Christmas, but because they were a people whom the Lord had specially chosen, a people whom the Lord had brought out of the shadow of adversity and into a land of promise, and because in the praising of the Lord they took delight.

Stopford sang it with them, using the English words to the stately tune. And while he sang, and while the pastor from his pulpit on the end of a wagon thundered an endless sermon, he watched the people who sat and stood about in the shadow of the trees and in the full glare of the sun.

He could not read into his survey more than was apparent on the surface. These men were tall, broad, bearded, strong men, apt for the saddle and for hunting, apt perhaps for war. Their guns were in the wagons, but he knew that every man of them had come armed to this communion.

The women were dressed almost in a uniform, a uniform that varied only in colour and in the occasional trimming—voluminous, concealing, modest. Their deep sun-bonnets were the same. Stopford saw them as women, not as individuals; as the essential counterpart to the vigorous, predatory male that had trekked two thousand miles to reach these uplands: the women who matched the men in self-reliance and self-sufficiency, who bore the dangers with their men and made, out of the austerities of the life of the wagons, the amenities of a home.

Suddenly he wondered if Lisette were part of them, or, as she had seemed to him, a being alone, an individual. He stole a side glance at her. She was sitting beside him on the wagon box, having taken the place with a sort of pride of right. Lemaire shared the other end of the box. Jonathan sat with another family, but Andries sat on the small stool beside them. Lisette's eyes were on the preacher. He had spoken now for an hour and twenty minutes.

In the heat the women's faces were glistening. He felt that some of the older women must be enduring agonies, and yet no sign showed, no listlessness. Even the children sat silent under the appalling power of their sense of awareness in the Lord.

He studied the young men. There was in them the same reliance as in their fathers, the same battle-worthiness, but he sensed an arrogance. Last night there had been no sign of it, but this morning he had heard over and over the word "*Engelsman*," and he knew that they were talking about him, and there was in their tone something that he could not define—that he could not like. It was not hostility, only an apartness; as if they could not admit him into their fellowship.

The pastor launched into a peroration—his sermon was at last coming to an end. Then they were on their feet again, stiff and hot, and singing tremendously a Christmas hymn.

It was late towards the evening that Jonathan brought the leaves to him. They were large, they had dried a yellow with flecks of brown in it, and they were shrivelled. Stopford recognized them for cured tobacco leaves before the boy reached him. In his

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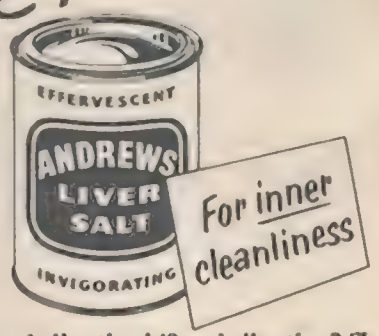

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'Now I know why it's called Cadburys Dairy Milk'

Tom Breedon is one of the many farmers who supply Cadburys with milk. He sends 200 gallons a week, but he was still amazed to see the quantity that goes into Cadburys Dairy Milk Chocolate. Visiting Cadbury's Factory in a Garden with his daughter Marjorie he marvelled also at the 120 acres of gardens and playing fields, and the whole pleasant background to this most unusual factory.

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other hand Jonathan had a young plant, its leaves hardly more than shoots, green and tender.

"François Malan brought these for me," he said, without preamble, "from their farm on the Magaliesberg. It grows well there." He held out a filled pouch. "Try it!"

Stopford filled his pipe reflectively and wondered what was coming next. But Jonathan remained silent until the pipe was drawing properly. "Like it?" he said.

"It's a bit strong," replied Stopford, but it was not in fact any worse than the harsh, bitter stuff that came in rolls from the Cape—the twist that half the men chewed and the other half shredded and smoked, and that none of them could do without.

Jonathan said: "It's all right. I've been smoking it all the afternoon. This was last year's crop." He held out the yellow leaves. "They have to use a lot of water where they are."

"Have they a dam?"

Jonathan nodded. "A small one, but they get enough water, leading it off. It needs a clay soil with lots of—" he paused, seeking for the English word—"dead leaves, damp—you know what I mean."

"Humus," said Stopford.

"Probably," agreed the boy. "There's plenty of soil like that along the river where you were digging."

STOPFORD looked at him sharply and then looked sideways to see if anyone else were within earshot.

The boy intercepted the glance, and smiled. "No one can hear." Then he went on eagerly: "They grew three *morgen* of it last summer." Six acres—Stopford translated the figure in his head. "They could grow much more if they could lead the water farther—" the boy was silent for a minute—"If they had pipes. Francois's father will go to the Cape one day for pipes." It was clear the boy was busy with his dreams again.

Presently he went on: "They had trouble with the curing of it and some of it was spoilt, but there was enough to sell for a hundred and eighty pounds at Potchefstroom." He looked up at Stopford again with a vision of wealth in his eyes. "His father has a new wagon and a new plough and a span of beasts, and there is still money over." He got up to go to the wagon and put his treasures by, and he said: "I have seed enough for a *morgen*."

Stopford wondered what trade had gone for this, what barter between the boys.

* * *

The pastor had gone — Dominie Celliers, who had thundered against them and browbeaten them for their

abandonment of the primitive simplicities. Lisette had explained the sermon to Stopford in detail, sitting on the *disselboom* of the wagon, and Lemaire, leaning against it with his pipe, had checked her explanations.

She said: "Most of it was about how we are always wanting something new."

"That," said Lemaire equably, "was a hit at van der Hoff with his new ideas."

"But he talked about Pretorius, too," said Lisette.

"That was because Pretorius employed Englishmen from Natal to build his new house before he died. He was hitting at me, too." He smiled with a faint trace of wickedness in his eye. "That was why there was so much talk about my *Engelsman* after."

"And he spoke about the *Volksraad* wanting money and wanting to bring in foreigners to find it for them."

"And that was politics," observed Lemaire.

Lisette asked lazily: "Who is telling this?"

"You are," said Lemaire laughing, "and for Anthony's sake, I am explaining your explanation." He turned to Stopford. "He was saying what I say in a different way: that this time is a good time, this life that we have made is a good life and that God has been very good to us in leading us to it, and that we should do nothing to spoil it. Is that what he meant, Lisette?"

"Yes, but he took a long time to say it."

And then, on the Monday at noon, Dominie Celliers was gone and they had stood, respectfully hatless, to salute him as he drove off in his cart to a burying or a christening or to help a passing to an end.

He had gone. Discipline had not perhaps gone with him, but decorum had. In the dusk between the fires that ringed a flat and naked space in the centre of the outspan, Stopford heard the low, plaintive lament of a tuning fiddle, and still farther away he heard—raucous, ribald and almost lewd—the lilt of an accordion. And without word, without organization, there was suddenly in the centre of the fires on the hard-baked earth a dancing: groups of four couples in squares, whirling and twisting, bowing and coming together and retreating in the formal maze of the movements.

He was aware himself of a quickening of the blood. Lisette had left his side, stolen away in the darkness by some other man. The boys had gone. He felt himself drawn over involuntarily, swirled into the ring inside the fire. He heard singing and hand-clapping, rhythmic clapping insistent in the time of the music. Somehow everybody seemed to have come inside the fires. The meals were eaten. There were nips of brandy going round, and the faint, hard scent of it mixed with the wood smoke and the tobacco smoke and the simpler, quieter background scents of the night.

Stopford felt the earth shaking rhythmically with the beat of the feet; then somehow Lisette was in his arms and he was in the dance himself. The tempo seemed to increase and his pulse to increase with it till his heart was beating wildly, his feet moving ecstatically to the drive and compulsion of the tune.

And in the richness and the glory of the moment he knew that Lisette had come to him in the darkness unbidden, and that this was the first time that he had felt her in his arms, that he had felt the softness of her, the yielding pressure of her breasts against him, the litheness, the suppleness, the verve of her movement. There was in this music an absolute of command. Stopford knew that he wanted it never to end—the swirl and return, the close embrace and separation.

A VERY long time afterwards, he was aware that they were outside the ring of the dying fires. The embers glowed in the darkness, and they could see beyond them the ghostly shapes of the dancers.

They were wandering beyond the wagons, his arm was round the slender shoulders and Lisette was pressed very close against him. He was conscious that there were other shapes, too, other couples. The night held soft laughter, little moans, hot breath, and the gasp and refusal of ardour.

He knew where they were now. They were against the old thorn tree that had lost its lower branches, whose trunk stood straight and stolid against the stars. They stood beside it while she turned and faced him and came close so that his arms enfolded her and his hands slid down the soft hollows of her back.

Very quietly but very steadily he said: "I love you, Lisette."

And she answered with a strange, elate certitude: "I know."

To be continued next week

COME LIVE WITH ME

Continued from page 9

to this party, or are you gate-crashing again?"

The girls obligingly giggled at the sally.

"This is O'Reilly, girls," Grierson went on. "A midget who paints miniatures."

"Ernie," I said, "would you like to step outside?"

"Don't call me Ernie!" He straightened up, and I wondered for a moment if he was going to take a sock at me. Then he turned away from me as Kate came up. "Ah! Greetings, darling."

"Hallo." Then she looked at me. "Having a good time, Matt?"

"I might have been in another minute or two," I said.

She didn't query that, or perhaps she didn't hear it. She just said: "I'm leaving for Melbourne on Monday."

"What's this?" Grierson cried. "I haven't heard about this!"

That was the only consolation about the news. I stood there and was soon edged out as Grierson and the three girls clustered about Kate.

I turned away and went to find a drink. I found one and swallowed it.

"Easy there!" Jo was standing beside me. "That looked like a scene from a film. The disappointed lover is the character, I think."

"That's me," I said.

"Kate's told you she's going to Melbourne?"

"How'd you guess?"

"I'm psychic. That's another of the things about me that interests Ham. Look, why don't you marry the girl?"

"I've already asked her. But she points out we mightn't make a go of it in the one room I have to offer her. And who am I to say she's not right? You have to be married before you can get on the priority list for a house or flat. And she won't marry me unless I have a house or flat. The vicious circle gets downright malevolent when it reaches me."

"You'd better grab her before Grierson does," said Jo. "Look at him now."

I LOOKED across the room. Grierson had his arm about Kate's waist and was blowing down her ear with the smooth ease of a professional talker.

"If she's fool enough to fall for that line," I said, "he's welcome to her."

Jo stood back and looked at me. "Matt O'Reilly, I could shake you! How can you men be so block-headed? No wonder the world needs psychologists!"

She went away, leaving me to think that one over. I wandered out to the veranda. On the far side of the harbour, lights winked at me derisively, and even the man in the moon was grinning.

I had about twenty minutes of my own misery, and then Kate came out. "I've been looking all over the place for you." She looked out towards the harbour. "Isn't it a lovely night?"

"You'll pardon me if I seem myopic. Is it?"

She turned and put her arm in mine. "Thinking about Monday?"

"That. And the way Grierson has been rushing you."

"I've known Ernest for a long time, Matt. Longer than I've known you."

"I'll bet he's going to miss you."

"Aren't you?"

My misery was turning to anger. I kept seeing Grierson with his arm about her waist. I slid my arm round her, bringing her round in front of me. "Don't go to Melbourne, Kate. We'll make a go of it. . . ."

"No, Matt!" She struggled out of my arms. For a moment she appeared flurried, but only for a moment. "I'm going to Melbourne on Monday. I've made up my mind. . . ."

"Look, do you love me or not?"

But she turned off that road of conversation and went up a side alley. "How's the mural design? Have you finished it?"

I felt like braining her, but I knew my fist would turn to paper before it reached her. I turned down the gas under my temper and tried to relax. "I'm sending it off to the judges tomorrow."

"Mayn't I see it first?"

Jo had a knack of appearing from nowhere, like a blonde ghost, and butting into conversations. "See what? Am I missing something?"

"Matt's finished his mural design," said Kate. "He's sending it off in the morning."

"He can't do that till we've seen it." Jo declared. "Come on. We'll get Ham to drive us over to Manly."

"What about your guests?" I was in no mood for holding one-man exhibitions.

"They're old enough to look after themselves." Jo grabbed each of us by an arm and propelled us inside. Ham was standing by a doorway, swapping opinions with Grierson. "Righto, Ham old boy. Tear yourself away from Ernie. You're driving us over to Matt's to see his mural design."

Grierson smiled his treacly smile. "A visit to Matt's Miniatures. How nice."

Before I could sock him, Kate grabbed my arm, and we quietly evaporated from the flat and piled into Ham's car.

Jo looked out as we drew up at the shop. "What's it say on the window? Perce's Pet Shoppe! Matt—you didn't

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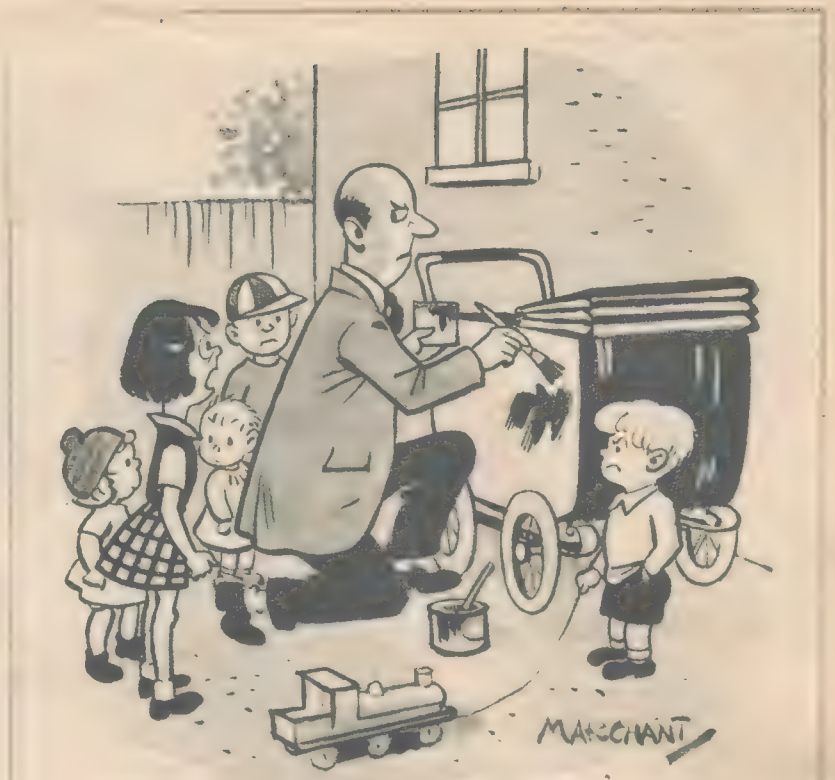

"Does this mean putting off buying television again?"

say that you lived over a pet shop!"

"Maybe I was ashamed of it," I said, but didn't look at Kate.

"Do you feel at home here?" said Grierson.

I ignored that. I got out and unlocked the front door. Mabel uttered her usual greeting. The purple words floated out into the night air.

"A relative?" said Grierson.

I didn't answer that, either. I was wondering how long they gave you for justifiable homicide. The others followed me into the shop and up the stairs, and Mabel commented on each one as they came in the door. I agreed with her description of Grierson.

I SWITCHED on the light in my room. It wasn't prepared for visitors; canvases were littered around, the bed was unmade, a pile of dirty clothing was on the floor, and the unwashed crockery from my last meal was still on the table. But I didn't care. This was home sweet home, and if it wasn't sweet enough for them they could go back where they came from. Or to Melbourne.

I picked up the mural design and put it on the easel. "There it is. The theme is Learning."

It was Jo who noticed it first. "Why, the central figure is Kate!"

I looked at Kate. "I hope you didn't mind?"

She shook her head, but didn't say anything.

Then Grierson put in his spoke. "You might have painted her with a few more clothes on! After all, most people are going to think she posed for you like that."

"What's it got to do with you?" I said.

The sneering triumph was a yard wide in his voice. "Tonight I asked Kate to marry me. She——"

I swung back and socked him—hard. I dropped back on the balls of my feet and was ready for him when he came swinging in. He chopped down and I stepped inside it and let go with my left. It sank into his stomach, and the well-known Grierson voice came out full of static. He doubled up, and I stepped back to measure him. The upper-cut I let go had everything in it. Grierson crumpled towards the floor like a subsiding oil gusher.

I turned and rushed out of the room and stumbled down the stairs and out of the shop. I headed towards the beach, found a seat beneath the pines and sat down. Above me the pines sighed, and out beyond the beach the surf boomed with a hollow roar. Spume floated thinly, making the air taste like tears, and at a dance somewhere along the promenade a saxophone wailed.

Oh, I was happy! Miserable Matt, the man who couldn't take it, who had just put on a scene that a ten-year-old couldn't have equalled for petulant anger and jealous disappointment. Maybe I'd do better if I gave up art and took up wrestling after all. I was thick enough in the head to stand any battering I might get in the ring.

I sat there for nearly an hour, trying not to think about Kate, wondering if I should phone Ham and Jo tomorrow and apologize or just drop out of their lives like a forgotten year. Maybe the latter would be best. I liked them both, but they would always remind me of Kate.

At last I got up and went home. The door had been pulled to. I pushed it open and switched on the light in the shop. Mabel was sitting in her cage, a decrepit old bird almost bereft of feathers and with a face like an ancient crone. She blinked an evil eye at me and muttered something without opening her beak.

"Don't swear at me, Mabel," I said. "You're my girl. You're filthy-tongued, but you're faithful." I turned and climbed the stairs.

THE light was still on in the room. The bed had been made, the dirty clothing had disappeared, the table had been cleared, and the canvases had been stacked neatly in a corner. And Kate was sitting in a chair.

She got up, put her arms round my neck and kissed me. "Welcome home, darling."

"I'm dreaming this," I said. "Where's Grierson? What happened to the forthcoming marriage he mentioned?"

"There wasn't going to be one. I'd told him no, but he wouldn't take no for an answer. You know how conceited he is."

"What about Melbourne?"

She was the same height as me, but somehow she managed to rest her head on my chest without contorting herself. "Sitting here this last hour, I've realized just how lonely I'd be in Melbourne. And unhappy. . . ."

"You don't mind one room, with Mabel and the smells and everything?"

She shook her head. I tightened my arms about her. I stood on my toes, looking down at her, then I raised her face and kissed her. Downstairs, Mabel let out a curse. "Put out the so-and-so light!" THE END

YES, MISS JULIE

Continued from page 14

her Miss Julie. Never Miss Crampton.

It sometimes puzzled her to guess what her father would have thought about the mess she was in. Her father, who had once been mayor. There was a painting of him in the parlour. It showed the long nose and the downward glance that he had passed on to her. The painting had been presented to him by the council and townspeople the year they made him mayor. The Cramptons had always been top, ever since the days of great-grandfather Crampton, who had pretty well started the town, walking into it, whistling, long before the railway was thought of.

Privately worrying at the way the money went down as the cost of staying alive went up, publicly she went on being patron of this, president of that and official opener of the other, with a half-guinea contribution to the funds every time. You keep on being a queen or you abdicate.

Nobody suspected that behind her gracious smile was a horrifying guess at what the long-deferred repairing and repainting of the house would cost, and how many hundreds of pounds the frontage charges would come to when the Rise was made up in the autumn.

She could, of course, leave the town; then not a soul need know. She could say she was going to join a cousin in California, and then slip quietly away to furnished rooms in Cheltenham.

But how could she ever be happy again—probably living on to a hundred—away from the places and the people and the life where the Cramptons had been top for four generations?

STANDING one morning in front of the painting of her father, she turned quickly for a sixty-year-old and clapped her hands, like somebody in a backward colony summoning a native boy.

"Yes, m'm," said Alice, putting her simple-looking face round the door. It was because Alice was as simple as she looked that Miss Julie always used this means of calling her. It had worked the first time and so had been kept up ever since.

"Alice," said Miss Julie, "I want you to go to the library and call at Watson and Burrow's for me. And leave the order at the stores."

"Yes, m'm," said Alice, turning.

"And—Alice. Pass me my glasses and *The Times*."

Alice passed them.

"And my stool and my shawl."

"Yes, m'm."

"And you won't waste time on the way?"

"No, m'm."

When Alice had gone, Miss Julie was startled to realize that there was another problem. Alice herself. Alice was there for life, wages or not. Even if the awful truth came out, she knew what Alice would say. "Bless you, Miss Julie, after all these years it isn't the money I stay for. And where would I go? I haven't got no other home—never had one, as far as I can remember. You can forget all about my wages, m'm." No, whatever happened, Alice would never go.

What a difficult world it had become, to be sure!

Then came another shock.

There was a rat-tat at the front door and a uniformed silhouette on the red-and-blue glass of the hall window.

Miss Julie graciously accepted the orange envelope and gave the telegraph boy a florin. It was a florin for telegraph boys. She opened the envelope, said "No answer" hurriedly, and closed the door before the boy could notice that she had turned pale. Then she sat down on a hall chair and tried to get her breath back.

It was a telegram. It told her in flowery loud words that managed to sound like trumpets that she had just won nine thousand pounds in a football pool.

It was mad. Nine thousand pounds! Then, when her head steadied, those three palpitating words fell back into

The Home Fires

...and if another bill goes out wrong, we shall start losing customers. What's wrong, Millie, you used...

Oh! I-I-

...I'm s-sorry, Mr. Pepper, but I-I get so **tired** these days. I can't **think** straight

Hey, hey, Millie! When your Jim's home from abroad, you mustn't be like this. See the doctor!

AT THE DOCTOR'S

...get a good night's sleep, doctor, but I always seem to be so tired

Well, there's nothing organically wrong, Mrs. Wilson, so that sleep of yours can't be doing its job, can it?

You know, it's not enough just to sleep all night—your brain, your nerves, your whole person, must have rest—must **relax** while you sleep. Try Horlicks every night

SO MILLIE TOOK HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

SOME TIME LATER—JIM ARRIVES IN LONDON

Jim!

Millie!

...and I could easily keep house **and** keep the job, Jim. They're raising my wages, and it'll help, won't it, till you get settled—

Millie, you're a wife in a million!

Hullo, you two. You wouldn't think she'd done a long day's work, eh, Jim!

(THINKS) No tiredness now, thanks to Horlicks!

HORLICKS

line with the others and she saw how mad it was. She had never done a football pool. She wouldn't know how to start. She looked at the telegram again. She looked at the envelope. She was glad that it had been scarcely sealed. She moistened it in a hurry, pressed it down and propped the telegram on the hall stand. She went out and walked up and down the garden, her arms folded.

Alice! What a queer secret to hide behind such a simple face! How did *she* know about football pools? And what on earth would she do with nine thousand pounds?

Nine thousand pounds! Miss Julie started to add two and two together again. Even half of Alice's windfall would see her happily through to that possibly hundredth birthday, perhaps well beyond, but she could never, *never* say to Alice, "You see, Alice, I *need* it. If you could possibly see your way. . . ."

No, that wasn't the way queens talked.

Miss Julie managed to be in the hall when Alice returned. "There's a telegram for you, Alice," she said. Then she retreated to the parlour.

It was a quarter of an hour before Alice dared to show her face, and then Miss Julie was surprised to find shame written all over it. It might have been a disgraceful thing to win nine thousand pounds. Alice admitted that she knew nothing about football and little more about pools. She had seen an advertisement for a new type of football pool, and done it more or less for a lark. She had never expected it to come off.

Miss Julie congratulated her in her most gracious manner.

"But you see, m'm," said Alice, "there's something else."

She couldn't get her eyes higher than the carpet. She might have been trying to conceal a murder.

"I always knew what I'd do if it came off. I'm very sorry indeed, Miss Julie, but I'm afraid I shall be leaving you."

Miss Julie went as still as death.

"Leaving, Alice? Leaving *me*? After all these years?"

"Yes, m'm. Oh dear, it makes me almost ashamed, the way you say it. But you'll easy get somebody else." (If Alice only knew!) "You see, Miss Julie, it's always been a sort of dream of mine. To have a home of my own. My very own. I shall buy a little bungalow somewhere and settle down. I'm forty-nine, you know, m'm."

Miss Julie couldn't eat her lunch. She explained to Alice that she had a headache. And really had a headache, through thinking and thinking and getting nowhere. She and Alice kept out of each other's way for the rest of the afternoon.

Alice going! Alice, who would never go! Leaving her to do the housework and the shopping and the back door to answer and all the other things she had never even imagined herself doing in all her sixty years. Left alone on the throne, with all the people she had known for a lifetime to guess *why*.

Another thought came to Miss Julie, half-baked like the rest of them in these shaken days. "*I shall buy a little bungalow somewhere.*" But why not a house? This house? It was the house Alice had been happy in for so long. But that, again, would start the tongues wagging and the eyes staring.

Miss Julie thought herself into such chronic wakefulness that she imagined she would never sleep again. When all the lights in the suburb had gone out, she dressed, went up the Rise and walked about the Parade in the moonlight.

She could remember the time when there was no Parade, when there were little cottages with bright gardens at the side of what was no better than a country road. She could remember, across fifty-five years, an old man whispering to his companion: "That's Miss Julie, George Crampton's little girl." The old man had touched his hat, as he might have touched his hat to a princess. Where he had stood on that distant morning was now a bus stop. She could imagine his grandson—if he had left one behind—standing on that very spot before long and saying: "That's old Julie Crampton. Come down in the world, poor soul." And she couldn't imagine him touching his hat.

It was turned midnight before she returned to the house. She sat in the old chair that was like a throne and went on thinking.

She got up and walked about the room, turning the room into a cage. Then she stopped and seemed to become calmer. She unlocked a desk and took out her will. Alice's name was there, with the words "one hundred pounds" immediately following it. She dropped the will in the old-fashioned grate and set a match to it.

Then she went to bed and fell asleep. She was smiling. It was the nearest thing to a crafty smile that she could manage.

Next morning she told Alice to leave her tasks in the kitchen and come into the parlour. She said she wanted to speak to her.

"I have been thinking, Alice," she said. "Your great piece of good luck has eased a problem of mine. I have a cousin in California who has for a long time wanted me to go out and settle down with her. It would have meant leaving you here, homeless, and I always said no. But things are different now."

"Oh dear, m'm," said Alice, who was always surprised by a new move.

"Yesterday afternoon," Miss Julie went on, "you mentioned buying a bungalow. Well, Alice, there is no need to do that. There is this house furnished. I shall not want it now. I have never told you, but it was coming to you in my will in any case. I want you to have it now. Not to buy it. I just want you to have it. The furniture and everything. It has been your home all this time. It must keep on being your home."

Alice's simple face lost all its expression and turned a startling pink.

"This, Miss Julie? This house? And

OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*

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all this furniture? Mine? As well as those thousands?"

"We'll go up to London tomorrow morning and have everything done legally," Miss Julie promised.

Alice had to sit down at that. Her legs were no longer any use to her.

"Miss Julie! To think! There isn't nobody in all the world would do it but you. Everybody'll *cheer* when they hear."

"Now, there's a thing," said Miss Julie, closing her eyes. "I don't want anybody to hear. I should find it most embarrassing. So that until I go I shall want everything to proceed in the normal way. Once I've gone, you may say what you please."

"Yes, m'm," said Alice. She managed to get back on her feet. "I'm sure I thank you very much indeed, Miss Julie. You've taken all the words out of me. I'll get you a cup of tea, m'm."

The next day they went up to London and saw Miss Julie's solicitors. The details, they were told, would take a little time to complete, but Alice returned home the owner of the villa in the Rise.

"I'll never get used to things," she told Miss Julie. To prove which she prepared a cup of tea for Miss Julie and stoked up the stove in readiness for next morning's wash.

"You'll have to get somebody else to do that for you now, Alice," said Miss Julie.

"Me give orders to people, m'm?" said Alice. "I daren't. I'd *laugh*! And I'd go mad if I hadn't my work to do. Besides, I'd never be satisfied with the way somebody else did it."

At the end of the week Miss Julie wanted to know by how much Alice was out of pocket through feeding and looking after her guest.

"Do you mean you, m'm?" said Alice. "Do you mean pay?" She looked blanker than she had ever looked. "After all you've done for me? Not if it was a thousand years before you sailed! I'd be so ashamed."

And when Miss Julie reminded her that it was her establishment now, she turned and ran away to the kitchen.

ONE morning when Alice came back from the shops, Miss Julie told her that she had had rather disappointing news. She had received a cable. Her cousin in California had had to go into hospital for an operation and therefore her own departure might be delayed a few weeks.

"There!" Alice said in her simple way. "Isn't that nice!"

A fortnight later came another cable—again, by a coincidence, when Alice was out at the shops—to say that Miss Julie's cousin had passed away peacefully in the hospital.

"So that now," said Miss Julie, "I am afraid my future plans are dreadfully uncertain."

"It just shows how everything turns out for the best, doesn't it, m'm?" said Alice. "I'd have been so lonely."

Which is why, if you go for a stroll up the Rise these days, you will see Miss Julie still on her balcony, smiling and waving to everybody, queening it as hard as ever, in a way that makes you really happy just to look at her.

Or, if the day isn't too good for balconies, and you stop to listen, you will hear her clapping her hands and commanding Alice to do this, that and the other thing, like in the big days.

"My glasses and *The Times*, Alice."

"Yes, m'm."

"And my stool and my shawl."

"Yes, m'm."

"And don't forget to call at Watson and Burrow's when you go out to the shops."

"No, Miss Julie, I won't forget."

The Rise is made up now, and there isn't a smarter street in the suburb. And, since it has been repainted and put in first-class repair, there isn't a smarter house in the Rise than the Villa.

"Of course," her neighbours will often remind each other, "Miss Julie's got nothing to worry about. Not like some of us." THE END

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MILLIONS will enjoy armchair seats at home for Wembley's Cup Final on May 1—and, on May 15, for the Queen's triumphant homecoming. Among those millions can be you and your family, as will *Bullets* cheque-plus-TV winner Mr. P. E. Newbury (32 Wimbledon Road, Nottingham), seen above. Soon *three* more homes will be added to the thirty-three where, thanks to *Bullets*, all this year's historic TV broadcasts will be watched. Your coupon below can win any of those three TV prizes—and as much as £500!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

In Britain Tomorrow
The Armaments Millstone
In The Melting-pot
Remember, Russia
Put The Job First And
Brightened Up
Will Never Die
Princess Charming
Wisdom
Her Programme
Evening At Home
Argue, Argue, Argue
Smothered
Those Yelling Youngsters
Through The Curtain
Tucked In
At Our TV Party
Blonde Or Brunette
Has No Idea
Bad For The Nerves

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

On The Old.....
When The Foreman.....
Doesn't ..... Anything
To Pay For That.....
Lovely And.....
We Admire....., But

"Bullets" Winners 1,916

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£10 plus Hamper: R. J. Cowie, 83 Ashley Road, Aberdeen: WINSTON'S WORK—TOPPED BY "DOVE"—MONUMENTAL!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: C. McConnachie, 32 Montgomery Road, Hayton, Aberdeen: LONG WAY FROM WRIGHTS' — "CAGE" — STREAKING, GLOSSY "HUMMING-BIRDS." £8: H. E. Jones, 122 Bushy Hill Drive, Merrow, Guildford: LESSON FROM HISTORY — OR ATOM'S "AWFUL ARITHMETIC"? £7: J. M. O'Ryan, 25 Queensville Avenue, Stafford: LONG WAY FROM FIRE—OF *Youth*, MY ARMCHAIR. £6: G. P. Walsh, 108 Gowan Avenue, Fulham, S.W.6: BRISTLING WITH PLANETS — AND PLANES, SONNY'S PLANS! £5: G. A. Green, 4 Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs: QUALITY TELLS, SO—LET'S LET "PEAK" SPEAK! £5: J. Peters, 49 Redvers Drive, Liverpool: LONG WAY FROM CAT'S-WHISKER — TO HARDING'S BRISTLING MOUSTACHE! £5: Mrs. K. Baker, Winchfield Hospital, Winchfield, Hants: BIRD IN A CAGE—NEARLY SHATTERING BARRIERS —*Singing*!

(*Above result is reprinted for sake of readers who missed last week's* JOHN BULL. *Result of "Bullets" No. 1,917 is due next week.*)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated February 20 and in JOHN BULL dated February 27), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 13, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,921 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,921 (or Xword 867), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two, three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — XWORD 867

1. Lorry driver who has driven dangerously can hardly complain if he is this
2. The use of certain traps produces a lot of
4. The speed at which one goes sometimes astonishes us
5. Many a one has been born in a humble cottage
7. A married man's future is largely this by his wife
8. It's fortunate for most of us that people can be happy without a lot of
13. May possess considerable beauty carelessly disregarded by great many people
14. In some cases it is wrapped up with care

Down Clues

1. Television has varied ways of bringing new ones to the notice of viewers
2. High rents asked for accommodation often mean young couple eventually getting into one
3. There's an advantage in having such a bag when you're out shopping
6. Prison is a place where criminals are
9. From these, experts may deduce closeness of game
10. One may be the kind connected with fluke
11. Means a pile to countryman
12. Gay dog is unlikely to have any patience with

Result of Xword No. 863 is due to appear on this page next week

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1,921
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				6						
7 S	H	A		E	D		8	I	N	
	O			N	O	9 S		N	G	
	O	10 B	I	T				C		
11					T	O		H	12 P	
O	W	L		O	A	T				
13 W	A	L		S	867	14 S		A	P	

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; to three Clues =8 Squares, 2s.; to four Clues=16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated February 13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry equal to 16 Squares. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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No.		1s.
No.		2s.
No.		4s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **867** Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 1

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